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STARTLING! SHOCKING! BEYOND BELIEF!
TRUE ACCOUNTS OF THE *OTHER* WORLD

STRANGE WOMEN OF THE OCCULT

BY WARREN SMITH

The hideous curse
of the ghostly serpents.

Strange case of
the unearthly caller.

The woman who scented death.

Grisly dancer of Panola Hall.

CARTE BLANCHE TO THE WORLD BEYOND

The statue that kills . . . Strange case of the 300-year journey . . . The beautiful wraith from out of time . . . The girl who lived 3,000 lives . . .

These are only a few of the amazing, unbelievable and completely true cases recounted in
STRANGE WOMEN OF THE OCCULT.

P. A.

STRANGE WOMEN OF THE OCCULT

BY WARREN SMITH

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THE WOMEN WHO EXCHANGED BODIES

In 1914, Russian authorities were puzzled by the enigmatic case of Victoria Blok, a young bride who lived in Petrograd (now Leningrad). Shortly after her marriage to a handsome young army officer, the 22-year-old girl was suddenly reborn as a medieval Italian countess.

On the afternoon of July 9, Victoria complained of a severe headache and retired to her bedroom for a nap. "It was about an hour before she awoke," her husband told medical authorities. "She was screeching and screaming. I tried to calm her, but she babbled in a foreign tongue."

Dr. Mikhaili Belyawsky was summoned to the Blok residence. The aged physician was baffled by the young bride's obsession. Hastily, he called in two of the czar's personal physicians.

"Do not stare at me, you absurd fools!" The patient swore in archaic Italian. "I am the Countess de Navarra. I demand servants, better clothing, and a quick return to my husband. He will pay you handsomely for my ransom!"

During subsequent, less emotional interviews, Victoria informed the doctors she had fallen ill with severe abdominal cramps on "a warm afternoon in 1356." When she awakened, she discovered herself in the Blok bedroom. "My face and body were no longer mine," she related. "I find it is now 1914. The world is a strange place, and there are strange people around me."

The czar was intrigued by the story. He ordered a detailed investigation conducted by his medical staff. A member of the czar's secret police was dispatched to

Italy to substantiate the existence of a Countess de Navarra. The czar's representative diligently searched records for several months.

In the interim, the countess adjusted rapidly to life in Russia. "There are so many wonderful things to see," she enthused. She learned to speak Russian, somewhat haltingly, at the suggestion of her physicians. "I find it quite pleasing to be a young girl again and to have a handsome young man as my husband. The count was old, fat, and not a good lover," she said.

The countess cooperated by describing people, scenes, and places she had visited in her "former life." This information was submitted to the investigator in Italy. Several days later, his report was received in Russia. It substantiated the strange story told by the countess.

"I have been astonished to discover such a countess did exist," he wrote. "It is even more incredible that she led a healthy, active life until the summer of 1356. Then she seemed to become obsessed, talked in a strange tongue, and was believed to be possessed by demons. She was judged insane and taken to a nunnery for care.

"Could it be possible that the countess and Victoria Blok somehow changed bodies, that the young girl went mad when she was transformed back to the middle of the fifteenth century?" he asked in the report.

The countess and her husband survived the Communist Revolution and fled to China in exile. Countess Victoria Blok became famous throughout the Russian colony in China and died in Shanghai in 1927.

In the records of psychic phenomena, there is no stranger case than the apparent exchange of bodies by two women whose spirits spanned five centuries.

IDIOT GIRL WITH THE COMPUTER MIND

A mentally retarded young child was described in professional medical journals several years ago by Dr. A. Wizel. The physician's case history indicated Sabine was a golden-haired six-year-old girl of normal ability. Without warning, she was stricken with deadly typhoid fever. The illness was further complicated by severe convulsions and prolonged periods of unconsciousness accompanied by high fever.

"The dreadful fever caused irreparable damage to her brain," physicians reported. The tragic illness transformed a happy, alert child into an imbecile.

"She's unable to dress herself or take care of her simplest needs," a relative reported. "She plays with a collection of buttons like a human vegetable."

One afternoon the father asked his wife how many buttons and coins were in Sabine's collection.

"Six plus sixteen and eight more," Sabine replied.

The astonished parents and attending physicians discovered that Sabine was capable of adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing with computer-like accuracy. "Multiply 23 times 23," prompted a psychologist during a test.

Sabine's answer was instantaneous. "That's 529," the child replied. "It would be the same as 12 times 44 plus one!"

Sabine is one of the few female idiot savants—mental defectives who perform astounding feats of mind wizardry. Scientists believe Sabine's phenomenal brain power is due to certain highly developed neurons. "We're not certain how this is brought about," scientists admitted.

Until research opens the secrets of such brain power, Sabine and her computer mind must be considered one of nature's puzzling mysteries.

THE PUZZLE OF THE HAUNTED OFFICE

The first unusual manifestation in the staid law offices of West German attorney Sigmund Adam, 63, was the constant ringing of a telephone.

The respected attorney or his secretary would lift the receiver and there would be no one on the line. Herr Adam informed the phone company in his home town of Rodenheim, West Germany. "Those phones are in perfect condition," the telephone repairmen insisted.

Soon after, the pictures on the office walls began to dance to and fro in a frenzied manner. By December 18, 1967, it was virtually impossible to work in the office. Light bulbs exploded suddenly. Doors opened and shut mysteriously. Papers flew off the desks, and the hands of the electric clocks whirled at an increased rate of speed.

The mystified lawyer summoned the police and electricians from the Rodenheim power company. A careful examination of the electric lines uncovered no clues. Then someone noticed that when Adam's 19-year-old secretary passed an electric object, blue sparks flashed and sputtered. Herr Schneider called the University of Freiburg and requested assistance from Dr. Hans Bender, a psychologist.

Annemarie Schneider, the secretary, willingly submitted to the psychologist's extensive tests. Dr. Bender said, "Annemarie has definite psychokinetic powers. We know very little about this." Psychokinesis is the startling ability of the mind to burst free from traditional boundaries and energize objects in a mind-over-matter manner.

Attorney Adam informed reporters that his secretary was not aware that she was creating the startling phenomena. "I understand that it's often only a temporary thing," the lawyer stated. "So I've sent Annemarie on a vacation for a few weeks."

The West German attorney was correct in his analysis of psychokinetic, or poltergeist, energy. The phenomena starts slowly, builds to a maddening climax, and then fades away.

BITING FANGS OF THE INVISIBLE MONSTER

The 18-year-old girl twisted on the floor of the jail cell. "He's coming to bite me again!" Clarita screamed. "Help! The monster is coming after me!"

The policeman assigned to guard the young girl laughed at the hysterical outbursts of the distraught prisoner. He did not believe her fantastic tale about a bug-eyed monster in a black cape that was trying to chew her up. Clarita had been arrested on the streets of Manila after screaming for protection from the monster. Even on skid row, such bizarre behavior attracted a crowd of bleary-eyed observers from the taverns.

"Best case of d.t.'s I've ever seen," commented a burly, big-bellied bartender.

"I think she's a drug addict," commented a woman.

Whatever her problems, the police arrested Clarita Villanueva and placed her in a jail cell. "Those bars are made of iron," said the cynical policeman. "The real monsters are in the streets."

"He's after me," Clarita croaked, flailing her arms at an invisible entity.

Suddenly, the officer's eyes widened as deep teeth marks appeared on the young girl's arms and shoulders. The girl screamed shrilly as rows of red welts and deep gashes appeared on her flesh. The police guard quickly helped Clarita out of the cell. They fled to the captain's office.

"This is something I know nothing about," the incredulous police captain announced. He looked at the marks on the young girl's arms. It was as if some invisible monster had gnawed on the girl's slim body. "Tell the mayor, the chief of police, and the medical examiner to get right down here," the captain informed a sergeant.

The chief of police and the mayor arrived immediately. They made a quick examination of Clarita's wounds,

checked the young girl's story with the police reports, and waited for the medical examiner.

"It's probably a case of an epileptic seizure," the physician announced on arrival, examining Clarita's arms. "She probably inflicted these wounds upon herself."

The mayor frowned. He lifted the young girl's hair and pointed to the back of her neck. "Then, doctor, tell me how she bit herself on the back of the neck?"

As the bewildered physician continued his examination, officials questioned the young girl. "What is attacking you," inquired Mayor Arsenio Lacson.

"It looks like a man with a big black cape," sobbed Clarita. "He has bug eyes and is very, very ugly! When he comes after me, he has his fangs bared and ready to bite me."

The doctor carefully examined the indentation in the teenager's flesh. "They certainly look like teeth marks," he concluded. He also admitted Clarita was not under the influence of drugs or alcohol.

The chief of police assigned an officer to guard the young girl until morning. "Don't put her in a cell," the mayor suggested. "Keep her here in the front office."

Under the full glare of office lights, the bug-eyed monster did not reappear during the night. The following morning, Clarita was charged with vagrancy and taken to a municipal courtroom. Before her case could be called, the teenager was attacked again by the invisible monster. Astonished spectators in the courtroom watched with amazement as Clarita screamed from the agonizing pain of invisible jaws that ripped at her flesh.

Dr. Mariana Lara, the medical examiner, rushed to her assistance. "It's absolutely not an epileptic fit," the physician informed newsmen. "These are real teeth marks. As you saw yourselves, they are not self-inflicted."

The open-mouthed reporters served as astonished witnesses to the horrible attack. "You don't have to convince us, Doc," said an elderly police reporter, crossing himself.

The doctor looked up at the reporter. "Perhaps this is a case for the clergy," Dr. Lara said. The mayor and the archbishop were summoned.

When the baffled mayor arrived in the courtroom, it was evident that Clarita's strange case was beyond the ministrations of medicine. "You poor child," the mayor said. The pitiful girl was now covered with scores of deep teeth prints. Her flesh was bruised, swollen, and discolored. The mayor ordered his official automobile. "We must get this child to the hospital," he said.

Dr. Lara agreed. The suffering girl was led to the mayor's automobile. As Mayor Lacson held Clarita's hand, deep teeth imprints suddenly appeared on the opposite side.

"The bloodthirsty fiend is trying to chew off her hand!" the mayor cried. The trio approached the automobile. "Driver, I want you to get us to the hospital in record time. Use the siren."

One glance at Clarita and the driver turned on the siren, threw the car in gear, and expertly maneuvered the mayor's automobile through the thick Manila traffic. It was a hair-raising ride, punctuated by the tortured girl's screams of excruciating pain.

Strangely, the attacks from the "bug-eyed monster" ended when Clarita was admitted to the hospital, where she quickly recovered her health. Although several years have passed, Clarita Villanueva has never again been visited by the invisible caped entity that bared its teeth and sank fangs into her flesh.

Dr. Lara told newsmen that the "whole phenomena simply defies any rational explanation. I don't mind telling you that I was scared out of my wits."

Was this violent, flesh-tearing manifestation the product of an hysterical teenager's mind? Or are there entities that are attracted to certain people and feed upon their energy? The answers lie somewhere in the realm of the unknown.

STRANGE LITTLE WOMEN

On October 13, 1742, a vacationing visitor to London noticed a friendly crowd clustered outside a neighborhood London church. Curious, he joined the buzzing throng of Englishmen. "You're just in time, old chap," advised a friendly police bobby. "The bride and groom will be coming out of the church in a moment."

"Is it a royal wedding?" the newcomer inquired, eyeing the size of the crowd.

The policeman grinned. "No, sir. Robert Skinner, the best silversmith in London, has finally found a bride. We're happy for the chap."

Seconds later, the church doors were flung open by a beaming clergyman. Rice and confetti showered the church steps. Shouts of "good luck" and "happy marriage" mingled into a babbling cry.

The puzzled visitor had not seen the bride or groom. He leaned forward on his toes and rocked back on his heels in stunned surprise. Robert Skinner and his bride were only 30 inches tall!

Despite their diminutive size, the couple became parents of 14 healthy, normal-sized children. The Skinner family was a happy, robust group despite the fact that the children at age five were as tall as the parents.

In America, one of the nation's smallest ladies was Lavinia Warren, who was exactly 21 inches tall! Her marriage to Charles Stratton (P. T. Barnum's "Tom Thumb") was climaxed by a White House chat with President Lincoln and his cabinet.

Lucia Zarate, a 21-year-old Mexican, was 17 inches tall and weighed 12 pounds when she was smuggled into the United States in a small suitcase. She was billed as "the world's smallest human being" in the 1880s and became rich and famous. She eventually retired to Mexico.

All of these incredibly small but well formed women were good-natured and capitalized on their diminutive stature.

WOMAN WITH THE SEEING-EYE TONGUE

One of history's most incredible example of sightless vision occurred in England during the early eighteenth century. Anna Chatham, who was blinded during childhood by smallpox, could identify thousands of objects by using her tongue for eyes.

Curious throngs crowded vast lecture halls to see this amazing blind woman demonstrate her unusual powers. "Members of the audience are requested to bring unusual items," advertisements read. Many tried to stump Miss Chatham, but she was seldom in error.

"Miss Chatham uses the tip of her tongue as eyes," summarized a French journalist in January, 1815. "Last night, at the opera house, she identified several hundred items handed on stage by the audience. Her response was swift and without hesitation. Many came as skeptics, but everyone left believing in her strange powers."

Miss Chatham toured England and the continent for several years and was an instantaneous success wherever she appeared. In 1820, she ended her career by marrying a London merchant and lived happily until her death in 1848.

THE APE WOMAN OF PATANG

When the first white men approached the awesome Himalayan mountains, they heard reports of a strange, hairy creature who roamed the icy steppes. Natives of the region called the creature *yeti,* "abominable snowman."

According to legends, the *yeti* live high in the mountainous crags. They are supposed to eat frogs and natural vegetation; sometimes they kidnap a goat, yak, or even a child from a mountain village! "One does not sleep in the sun," the sherpas advised newcomers to the mountains.

The *yeti* was considered the monstrous product of native superstitions. However, in 1913, a party of Chinese mountaineers captured a female animal that the natives proclaimed was a true *yeti.*

The female was caged at Patang in Sinkiang province for five months. "She was about eight feet tall, with breasts and an apelike face," said Dr. Gordon Mueller, who viewed the creature. "The body was covered with reddish-black hair, except for the soles of the feet, hands, and eyes. This hair was several inches long. She appeared to be more human than ape, although she could only grunt and make guttural noises."

Dr. Mueller, who is first to admit he is not a trained anthropologist, considered the ape woman an important species for scientific study. "I telegramed several universities, but most of the scientists must have thought I was drunk on rice wine," he reported.

Dr. Mueller's journal records the ape woman spent most of her time pursing her lips. "She made loud, shrill cries as if to attract others of her species," he wrote.

After five months in captivity, the ape woman became infected with one of civilization's many diseases. She sickened and died. When Dr. Mueller returned to Patang

after World War I, he was unable to locate the gravesite of the awesome ape woman.

Since then, many scientists throughout the world are convinced that the abominable snowman, or *yeti,* is an elusive subhuman creature.

GHOSTLY LADY OF THE LAKE

The young couple were parked on a lonely lovers lane outside of White Lake Rock, Texas, on the evening of March 13, 1968. Locked in a tight embrace, they were oblivious of their dark surroundings. Suddenly, the dark night was illuminated by a dancing glob of white light in the distance.

"It's probably a police patrol," Robert Johnson advised his date.

The young couple watched the fuzzy white light move closer to their parked car. "That's no police car," said the girl. "The light is all fuzzy."

The unusual light glided down the country lane and was transformed into a gaunt, ghastly woman. Her ragged garments were dripping wet. A bony hand reached for the door handle of the automobile. "I was almost paralyzed with fear, but moved quickly enough to snap the door button lock," Johnson recalled. "I barely heard my date pleading with me to get the car started. I was almost hypnotized by the ugliness of the hag's face."

Johnson started his engine, floored the gas pedal, and left the horrible ghoul standing alone in the darkness. "When I looked back, she had disappeared," he said. "I thought it was a prank and turned around and went back. The white lady was gone, and there was just a puddle of water where she had been. There were water stains on the door of my car."

The strange "White Lady of the Lake" is no figment of young lovers' imaginations. She is frequently observed by people driving in the area of White Rock Lake. She delights in frightening young lovers parked along the lonely roads.

"An old story says a woman drowned herself when her

fiancé left her standing at the church steps on their wedding day," a resident of the area said. "Perhaps her ghost is jealous and delights in frightening people in love." The spectral apparition has been reported for several years—a strange figure gliding through the night, dripping with lake water.

THE WITCH WITH THE WICKED EYES

Molly was her name. "Evil eye" spells were her game. She prowled through dark alleys of St. Louis during the early years of the last century, cackling like a mad loon and claiming the power to cast deadly spells by a glance of her bloodshot eyes.

"She was an ugly wench. Her long, stringy hair was filthy. Her face was misshapen, pockmarked, and often covered with running sores," an Eastern journalist wrote. "Her reputation as a witch with the evil eye started in April, 1833, in a rowdy riverfront tavern . . ."

A new arrival in St. Louis from New Orleans, the ugly hag shuffled into the tavern. "Who'll buy a bit of gin for an old lady," she simpered.

The patrons were indifferent to her pleas. The innkeeper was less calm. He reached beneath the bar and brandished a menacing club at his unwanted visitor. "Get back to your grave, you ghoul," he shouted.

"It's the devil's eye for you," Molly said. Her voice dripped with burning hatred. A convulsive shudder racked her body. She stiffened into a rigid stance. Her split, parched lips chanted an ancient witch's incantation. A bloodshot orb focused on the menacing bartender.

Incredibly, the bartender dropped the club, clutched at his heart, and slumped to the floor. Several customers rushed to his aid. "He's dead," was their rapid diagnosis. They turned to see the evil, leering face of the frightening hag.

"Here, take these bottles and be gone," snapped a customer. Avoiding her eyes, he hastily shoved several bottles of gin across the bar.

News of the uncanny spell and the bartender's death quickly spread through the city. It could have been a co-

incidence. Perhaps the innkeeper died from a natural heart attack. Yet despite their rationalizations, few people dared to test the dark powers supposedly possessed by the old hag.

Within hours, she was tagged the "Devil's Daughter" and empress of the evil eye. Shopkeepers paid Molly to not look upon their businesses. Mothers pressed presents upon the old crone. People with real or imaginary enemies paid handsomely for the power of her evil eye.

"My wife has a lover and . . ." lamented a cuckolded husband.

"Bring me something that belongs to him, and I'll fashion a powerful *juju* doll," Molly cackled.

"Are you certain it will work?" the anxious husband inquired.

"I learned my trade from the best voodoo queens in New Orleans," snapped Molly, sipping a tumbler of gin. "Hurry! Bring the thing so I can make the doll."

Whispered rumors said the lover died within a month after Molly the Witch fashioned the doll. Streams of anxious wives, husbands, and hopeful lovers sought to purchase her dark powers. Molly claimed there was nothing beyond her powers. "I am a servant of the dark one," she proclaimed.

Molly the Witch prospered in St. Louis for two years. She charged dearly for her services and spent the shiny gold pieces on bottles of booze. Her reign came to an end in a grimy, muddy alley in the roughest part of the rowdy frontier city. The police discovered her body one morning. Her filthy, uncombed hair was reddened with blood where a powerful club had cracked her skull. A stake had been driven through her heart. A wooden cross lay on the crumpled body.

A skilled witch with the evil eye or a convincing con woman? It is doubtful that the truth about Molly the Witch will ever be revealed.

THE MAN WHO CONTROLLED YOUNG GIRLS' MINDS

A group of scientists, physicians, and newspapermen gathered in Paris on the afternoon of May 3, 1884, to witness an incredible experiment in hypnotism and mental telepathy. The noted French psychiatrist, Pierre Janet, claimed he could hypnotize young women from a distance of more than one mile.

The eminent French physician, Jean Martin Charcot, presided over the experiments. "We took every possible precaution to eliminate any possibility of trickery," he related.

Twenty-five young women were chosen at random by a panel of scientists. "You will enter the adjoining room, sit quietly, and concentrate on any messages which your mind may receive," they were advised. "Sit in a normal manner and maintain silence for five minutes."

A few moments later, 16 out of the 25 young girls were in a hypnotic trance. Janet proved that hypnotism could be induced through mental telepathy at a distance. The young women not only became hypnotized, but were given a posthypnotic suggestion during their trance state. Upon awakening, each of the young women performed as Janet suggested.

This impressive experiment in hypnotic telepathy was witnessed by Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, who was in Paris to study under Dr. Charcot. Memory of the experiment may have caused Freud to comment in later years, "If I had my life to live over, I should devote myself to psychical research rather than psychoanalysis."

SHE WAS POSSESSED BY A DEAD WOMAN

Lurancy Vennum, a normal 14-year-old teenager, lived with her parents in Watseka, Illinois, until one fateful day in 1887. Lurancy was sewing in her room one afternoon when she was suddenly plunged into a deep sleep. When she was awakened, a totally new personality occupied the young girl's body.

"Don't call me Lurancy," the newcomer declared. "My name is Mary Roff!"

The young girl's bewildered parents looked at each other with amazement. Mary Roff was a woman who had died in Watseka 12 years before!

Even more strangely, the young girl refused to live in the Vennum home. She packed her clothing and moved in with the puzzled Roff family. The enigmatic personality was questioned quite carefully by the Roffs. "I don't know who she is, but she has Mary's memory," the Roffs reported. "We've questioned her quite carefully about things that only Mary would know. She answered each question correctly!"

For 15 weeks, the teenager lived in the Roff home and claimed to be the dead girl. "I have crossed the moment of the shadow and borrowed the body of Lurancy Vennum to visit you again," she told the curious Roff family.

In addition to her uncanny knowledge of the dead girl's previous life, the new personality exhibited the mannerisms, attitudes, and tastes of the dead girl. After 15 weeks, the personality called the Roff family together. "I am returning to the other world," she announced. "I will return Lurancy to her body."

Saying this, the girl entered a deep trance. Upon awakening, she was Lurancy Vennum, with no recollection of the previous fifteen weeks. The strange case was checked

carefully by both townspeople and members of the budding field of psychology. William James, pioneer American psychologist and scholar, personally investigated the strange tale. James knew that the theory that one soul can possess another body is etched in the consciousness of mankind. Yet he was still puzzled by the enigma of Lurancy Vennum until his own death.

THE PHYSICIAN'S UNUSUAL VISITOR

Swirling snow drifts covered the Philadelphia streets when a blizzard descended on the city on December 4, 1890. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, one of the nation's most skillful neurologists, had endured a tiring day with his patients. The trip home had been even more tiring, and quite fatigued, the good doctor prepared for bed.

He was barely under the warm covers when his doorbell pealed sharply. Dr. Mitchell mumbled as he padded across the living room and opened the door. A small, frail child was standing in the swirling snow. She was clad in a thin, cheap dress, and her shoulders shivered under a ragged shawl.

"My mother is very ill," she pleaded above the howl of the blizzard. "Won't you please come and treat her?"

"I've already gone to bed, dear," Dr. Mitchell answered. "There are several other doctors who maintain night hours."

The girl raised her pale, drawn face and looked directly at Dr. Mitchell. "You, sir, are the one who can make my mother well."

There was something pathetic about the young child, and Dr. Mitchell agreed to accompany her. He dressed quickly, pulled on his thick overcoat, and followed the pale child through the roaring blizzard. The girl was strangely silent throughout their journey to a shabby tenement. The doctor was led upstairs to an apartment.

"Mother is in there and needs you very much," the girl said. She pointed to a room leading from the dim hallway. Dr. Mitchell found a woman lying in the chilled darkness. She was suffering from pneumonia. The woman had been a servant in the doctor's home for a few months some years previously.

Dr. Mitchell spent the next 30 minutes administering to the needs of his patient. When his treatment was completed, the doctor snapped the lock on his medical bag.

"You are a very lucky woman," he informed the patient. "You would have been dead by morning if your daughter had not insisted that I make this call."

A bewildered look covered the woman's face. "You must be mistaken, Doctor. My daughter died over a year ago!"

"Impossible! Who was the girl who led me to your bedside?" Dr. Mitchell was equally puzzled. He described the girl, her appearance, and her clothing.

"Doctor, those clothes are in that cupboard," said the ailing woman. She feebly rose and pointed to a small cupboard.

Dr. Mitchell flung open the doors of the cupboard. There was the same cheap, worn dress. The identical ragged shawl was hanging limply on a hook. Incredibly, the clothes were warm as if they had just been worn. Yet they could not possibly have been out on that blizzardly night!

"Those were my little girl's favorite clothes," said the patient. "We bought a nice white dress for her burial!"

Dr. Mitchell told the story many times over the years. Since the famed physician was president of the American Association of Physicians, president of the American Neurological Association, and the recipient of degrees from several universities, there were few who dared to call him a "crackpot!" He had had a strange encounter with an eerie woman of the occult world.

A MIRACULOUS DREAM SAVED HER BABY

The clock chimed midnight. Mrs. Dale McCormick of suburban Los Angeles, California, stirred in bed and shook her husband. "Dale, I've had a horrible dream," she informed her sleepy-eyed husband. "I dreamed that the big chandelier over the baby's crib dropped from the ceiling and crushed the baby to death."

"It's nothing but a nightmare," her husband replied sleepily. "Forget it and go to sleep."

"In the dream, when we went to investigate the noise, I remember that the clock hands on the baby's dresser were at 4:35 a.m.," the young mother continued. "Do you think dreams could come true?"

"Ask me in the morning." The man chuckled at his wife's dream, turned over, and fell asleep. Mrs. McCormick lay in the darkness and thought about her dream. It had seemed so real. Although she was a realistic person, the young mother's apprehensions about her child's safety led her to the nursery. The baby was sleeping peacefully. Nevertheless, she carried the tiny infant to her own bed and fell asleep.

The stark silence of the night was shattered a few hours later by a noisy, smashing sound. The young couple dashed into the nursery and discovered the chandelier had indeed dropped on the baby's crib. "The baby's in our bed," the wife assured her stunned husband.

He looked at the clock on the nursery dresser. The time was 4:35 a.m.

"This case indicates that dreams can often be warnings of possible disasters of the future," said a noted expert. "However, these dreams are apparently not rigid tableaus.

Although the event may occur, a person can take steps to prevent serious injury or death to loved ones. Hunches, premonitions, and prophetic dreams have saved lives on many occasions."

THE WOMAN WHO LIVED TWO LIVES

Shanti Devi, a small child in Delhi, India, astonished her parents with consistent claims of memories of a previous life. While other children played happily, Shanti was forlorn and sad. "I want to see my husband and three sons again!" she wept.

Shanti's middle-class parents and neighbors ignored her detailed description of a previous existence in Muttra, India. "It's nothing more than childish imagination," they claimed. Shanti's granduncle, Professor Kishen Chand, wondered about her persistent memories of a husband named Kedarnath. He wrote to Kedarnath, addressing the letter to a street number provided by Shanti.

Puzzled by the inquiry, a man named Kedarnath arrived unannounced at the Devi home in Delhi. He was greeted warmly and affectionately by nine-year-old Shanti. The awed widower was puzzled. "She uses the same terms as my wife, Ludgi," he exclaimed.

"When did your wife die?" Professor Chand inquired.

Kedarnath was silent for a moment. "Nine years ago," he whispered hoarsely.

Desh Banhu Guptu, a member of parliament and president of the All-India Newspaper Editor's Conference, heard of the incredible incident. "It could be a coincidence," he announced. "However, to end this nonsense about reincarnation I have organized a group of prominent scientists, newsmen, and community leaders to escort little Shanti to Muttra—which she claims was her home in another life."

Skeptical scientists had devised several tests. A newsman who accompanied the group in 1935 wrote: "In Muttra, Shanti led us directly to her previous home. She said she had lived in this house when it had been painted yel-

low." Kedarnath confirmed his wife had died in the home. He scraped away a coating of white paint. "The house was yellow then," the bewildered man blurted.

Shanti astonished investigators by directing them to the home of her "former mother." The old woman was suspicious until the young girl recalled many incidents of her previous life.

The bent, aged woman shook her head. "My daughter, Ludgi, would be the only person to know these things," she confirmed.

From a lineup of Muttra males, Shanti immediately pointed to an old man. "He was my father-in-law," she said. The man had indeed been Ludgi's relative! She also selected Ludgi's sons from another group.

Newspapers and magazines wrote vivid, sensational stories on the girl's miraculous ability to recall the life of a woman who died shortly before Shanti's birth. The story is documented in medical, scientific, and government records. Shanti Devi, now the wife of a government employee in India, recently told newsmen she had learned to live in the present. "The old memories do not intrude, and they don't bother me," she said.

Shanti Devi is living evidence of an enigmatic reincarnation that skeptical scientists could not explain!

THE STRANGE BIRTH OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

General Robert E. Lee, one of America's greatest military commanders, was born more than a year after his mother's funeral!

Mrs. Henry Lee, the general's mother, was a gaunt, frail woman who complained of frequent headaches. "My health is poorly," she whined.

A competent physician was retained by the family to attend the ailing woman. "My wife has some strange malady," explained Henry Lee. "She drops into lifeless states. I want you to be here day and night in case another attack should occur."

A few nights later, the general's mother developed a high fever. Her thin body stiffened, and she fell into a deadly stillness. The physician tested the body with extreme care. There was no pulse. He held a mirror close to her nostrils and mouth; there was absolutely no sign of breath. There was no discernible heartbeat.

"Your wife is dead," the doctor informed the husband.

The body was prepared for burial. Funeral services were held, and the casket was placed in the family vault. The grief-stricken mourners returned home.

Several days later, a cemetery caretaker passed the Lee family vault. His body tingled with fear as he heard a thin, ghostly cry in the evening dimness. "Help! Help! Oh, someone help me!" The wail was like a ghostly moan.

The caretaker summoned his courage, traced the wail to the Lee vault, and found Mrs. Lee alive inside the casket.

Mrs. Lee returned to her home and quickly regained her health. More than a year after her funeral and entombment, she gave birth to her youngest son, Robert E., on

January 19, 1807. As a military genius, General Lee was commander-in-chief of the Confederate Armies during the Civil War and, afterward, became president of Washington and Lee University.

A PHANTOM VOICE SCREAMED "DEATH!"

Mrs. Robert Watson, a minister's wife, and her daughter were vacationing near Edinburgh, Scotland, on July 15, 1860. It was a bright, warm afternoon and Mrs. Watson sat quietly in the shade, reading a magazine.

Her ten-year-old daughter was more restless. "Let's go for a walk, Mother!" she complained. "This is supposed to be a vacation!"

"Later, dear. I want to finish this story." The mother patted her daughter's blonde head. "You go for a short walk along the railroad garden. Perhaps you can catch a butterfly." The mother pointed to a broad strip of ground between the seawall and the railroad tracks. It was a safe place for any child, and the hotel manager encouraged guests to walk along the landscaped strip.

Her daughter had been gone for several minutes, and Mrs. Watson read, undisturbed. Suddenly, a phantom voice announced distinctly: *"Bring your daughter back to the hotel immediately or something terrible will happen to her!"*

Mrs. Watson turned in her chair. There was no one near her. A shiver of fear seized her body. Her mind filled with dark dread. She summoned a servant. "Bring my daughter back to the hotel immediately," she instructed.

"It will be her death if she does not return," the invisible voice roared.

"Please, please hurry!" the distraught mother shouted as the servant departed. "Run as fast as you can!"

For the next ten minutes, the fearful mother nervously paced the floor. Why, if her daughter was . . . heaven forbid! She wondered about the phantom voice and grew more fearful with each passing moment.

The servant returned with the young Watson girl. "What's wrong?" the child inquired.

Mrs. Watson sighed. "I wanted to be certain you stayed close to the hotel this afternoon," she said. "Let's play a game of checkers."

The mother cautioned her daughter not to enter the "railroad garden" strip without permission. As the mother and daughter were playing checkers, a sudden crash shattered the atmosphere. An engine, tender, and two rail cars had jumped the rails and rolled across the strip, crashing into the seawall. It was at the exact spot where young Marilyn Watson had been playing when the servant ran to bring her to the hotel. Three of five hotel guests who had been walking along the grassy strip were fatally crushed by the locomotive.

"I would have been killed if you hadn't sent for me, Mother."

The case of the phantom voice that warned the mother was one of 349 cases of precognition submitted by H. F. Saltmarsh to the London Society for Psychical Research in 1934. Saltmarsh considered this case a perfect example of a precognitive warning. Lives can be saved, he thought, by paying attention to dreams and hunches, or by listening to strange, phantom voices.

CANADA'S TEENAGED MIND TRAVELER

The parents of 17-year-old Caroline Clare of London, Ontario, were frantic with worry for their daughter. Until one day in 1877, Caroline, the youngest of six brothers and sisters, had been a healthy, happy teenager.

Suddenly, she became ill. Her appetite disappeared, and the 130-pound girl plunged to a scant 90 pounds. Several physicians were brought in on the puzzling case. "We have to admit we can find no reason for her illness," they informed the concerned parents.

One afternoon, lying on her sickbed, Caroline was suddenly seized by waves of convulsions. Her body shook violently and became as rigid as an iron rod. Cold perspiration covered her body as her eyes focused on the ceiling of the room.

The doctors were startled when Caroline's thin, weak voice described a "visit" to Toronto. Equally incredible was the accuracy of her descriptions, although the child had never traveled more than a few miles from her home.

During one "mental trip," Caroline described scenes in London, England. The baffled doctor had studied in England. "The girl is describing London as it is," he blurted. There was little doubt that the stricken teenager was somehow projecting her mind to places thousands of miles from her home.

Caroline remained in this drastic mental state for 20 months. One morning, she left her bed, ate a hearty breakfast and made a rapid recovery. However, the prolonged seige of illness apparently left the young girl in a state of magnetism. "Whenever she came near a metal object, it would be attracted to her body," the attending physician wrote in a Canadian medical journal. "It was necessary for someone to pull the object away from her body."

The magnetic power was greatest immediately after her recovery. Eventually, it dwindled and left Caroline Clare a normal, healthy farm girl. The puzzled physicians presented the evidence—but offered no conclusions as to the cause of her mysterious maladies.

WASHINGTON'S GRIEVING GIRL GHOST

Deep moans, flying furniture, and shrill screams of deathly agony are manifestations of the ghost of Sarah Taylor in a famous mansion in Washington, D.C. "The Octagon," as the brick mansion was named upon completion in 1800, is an important historical shrine and the present headquarters of the American Institute of Architects.

Colonel John Taylor, his wife, and their attractive daughter occupied the mansion for many years. Legend says Sarah Taylor fell in love with a handsome young naval officer. She was preparing for her wedding when her fiancé was killed on the night that the British forces burned the White House during the War of 1812.

The young bride-to-be never recovered from the shock of her lover's death. She stayed in her bedroom, ate sparingly, and spent her years in mourning. She never ventured outside the mansion. Distraught and overwhelmed by her unnatural grief, the young girl leaped down the stairway one night. Her frail body was crushed by the fall.

In the 150 years since her death, the grieving ghost of "Suicide Sarah" has prowled through the ancient mansion. "I liked the job, but I quit," a former janitor told a journalist recently. "Footsteps followed me up the stairway. I would turn around quickly, but there was no one behind me. At night, I heard screams that sounded like a dying woman coming from the foot of the stairway."

Another maintenance man verified these reports. "Her ghost used to shift furniture around the room," he blurted. "I saw a chair fly through the air one night. There were cold spots in some of the rooms."

Several years ago, every bell and clock in the mansion would ring at certain hours of the night. Some say it is "Suicide Sarah" tolling for the spirit of her dead lover.

HER PROPHESY WAS CALLED "MURDER!"

Many women with clairvoyant ability are cautious in displaying their psychic powers and remain silent about their strange abilities. "Society isn't ready for a total display of psychic power," a young ESP practitioner explained recently.

She cited the strange case of Engeborg Dahl, a young Norwegian psychic, as an example. Miss Dahl had displayed incredible predictive ability through automatic writing while in a trance state. Friends and relatives encouraged her to develop these talents.

Others were more skeptical. "It's nothing more than pure luck," snapped a hawk-faced neighbor. "She's even had the nerve to predict her father will die in 1934 by drowning. Can you imagine any girl with such poor taste as to tell of her father's death?"

Engeborg's father was an elderly man, a retired judge. On a vacation to Hanko in 1934, he was seized with cramps and drowned. To her grief, the young woman's prediction had proved true.

In a bizarre sequel to her father's death, the young clairvoyant was arrested and charged with the murder of her father. "She drowned the judge in an attempt to prove she had prophetic powers," the prosecution alleged.

The trial of the prophetic Scandanavian girl was like something out of a medieval witch hunt. Fearful of offending the scientific establishment, the court refused to allow testimony from the Norwegian Society of Psychical Research. Despite this lack of testimony, Engeborg's prosecutors were unable to document their charge of murder. After a lengthy trial, it was finally determined that Judge Dahl might have caused his own death through some "unknown type" of hypnotic suggestion. Without any solid

evidence, it was a mere face-saving gesture for the prosecutor.

In addition to Miss Dahl, there are other psychics who know the dangers of displaying the supposed "gift" of precognition and extrasensory perception. They have discovered that skeptics frequently make powerful enemies.

THE WOMAN WHO DROVE INTO THE PAST

Miss Edith Oliver blinked, then squinted her eyes in a hopeless effort to see the road signs. It was the evening of October 8, 1916, and the English countryside was enveloped in thick mists of boiling fog. She was traveling from Devizes to Swindon, in Wiltshire, England. Avesbury was an ancient village between the two cities.

"This has to be Avesbury," she concluded as the highway turned into a cobblestone avenue that was lined with circular megaliths. To her right, she noticed blazing lights. Despite the rain and fog, there appeared to be a merry village fair on a flat field.

She stopped her car and watched the festivities for several minutes. The booths were illuminated by blazing pine torches. The people were having so much fun that Miss Oliver wished she could join them in their merriment. She hesitated, then decided to drive on toward Swindon.

When she returned again to Avesbury, Miss Oliver was disturbed to learn that a village fair had been a custom until 1850. "It was an annual event, but the town council abolished it more than sixty-six years ago," a magistrate told the astonished woman. "You must have been seeing things."

"What about the cobblestone avenue with the rows of megaliths on each side?"

The official consulted an old history book of the town. "You're right. There was a street like that," he said quietly. "But the megaliths were torn down before 1800. Lady, where do you suppose you were that night?"

Miss Oliver could only conclude that somehow she had driven back into time. Her question might have been answered by Thomas A. Edison who felt that as no type of

energy is ever lost, scenes of the past are images on some celestial movie film. A person of the correct sensitivity might trigger a button on the projector and step into the past—or the future!

MISSOURI'S INCREDIBLE ELECTRIC GIRL

"There isn't a woman in the state of Missouri who can knock me off my feet," boasted the burly, robust saloonkeeper in Sedalia, Missouri.

The strong man smiled, extended his hand toward frail, 14-year-old Jennie Bramwell. As their fingers touched, a sudden burst of high-voltage electricity sizzled through a burst of blue sparks. The man collapsed on the floor. After several minutes of unconsciousness, the saloonkeeper was revived by a group of anxious friends.

Shaking his head in disbelief, the strong man dubbed Jennie Bramwell as "the girl with the sparkling personality."

Jennie Bramwell led a normal, uneventful life until 1895 when she became a nervous, high-strung teenager. Without warning, she was suddenly transformed into a living depository of high-voltage electricity. A handshake or friendly touch from Jennie Bramwell was like grabbing a high-voltage electric wire. The strange electric power that leaped from her body was so powerful that the young girl frequently screamed with anguished pain.

"She could not touch a metal object, play with the family pets, or come too close to anyone because of the electric phenomena," wrote Dr. Samuel Harris, who investigated Jennie's eerie electric endowment. "Needless to say Jennie had very few friends."

After a few shocks, whether by accident or intention everyone maintained their distance from the young teenager. "She considers the phenomena to be a curse," investigators recorded.

When Miss Bramwell reached maturity, the high-voltage phenomena disappeared. She was able to resume the joyous life of an active, normal young woman.

THEY WALKED INTO ANOTHER CENTURY

"We feel the incident actually happened as the two women described, but we have no explanation as to how it occurred," reads a strange document in the French National Archives.

The extensive file concerns two English school teachers who arrived in Versailles, France, for a vacation on August 10, 1901. Both women were impressed by the grandeur of the gardens and the palatial palaces of former French kings.

Miss Anne Moberly and her companion, Eleanor Jourdain, followed behind an awed group of English tourists. "We should be approaching the Petit Trianon, one of the most beautiful palaces in the world," Miss Moberly said, glancing at her guidebook. "It was the crowning glory of the classical age of France."

Without warning, both women felt an oppressive tingling sensation surge through their bodies. Nervous apprehension and a nameless horror filled their minds.

"W-w-hat happened?" Miss Jourdain's voice was edged with fright.

The gardens and grounds had changed instantaneously!

Moments before, the grounds had been filled with leisurely groups of tourists. Now the area was alive with burly workmen, villagers and gardeners clad in clothes from another century. Their shouts rang through the gardens above the din of hammers and the chip of chisels.

The two frightened women apprehensively continued their tour. Several startled workmen dropped their tools and stared at the women with awed wonder.

"*Mon dieu!* They are from another world!" A stocky gardener crossed himself.

Suddenly, the women were thrust back into the Ver-

sailles gardens as they existed in 1901. Frightened and hysterical, they ran to the nearest tourist's office. Detailed investigation revealed the women had somehow walked into the Petit Trianon as it existed during the time of Marie Antoinette. Perhaps, in some unknown manner, the two schoolteachers stepped in a time-space warp.

"It is possible that the past, present, and future exist together at the same time," said a scientist recently. "Perhaps the two ladies stepped through a small opening and spent a few moments in another century."

HER CORPSE WAS NEVER BURIED

It was a strange request that brought Dr. Charles White of Manchester, England, to the bedside of a wealthy woman who owned a large estate. The patient was a gaunt, elderly woman with symptoms of fever.

"I have fainting spells," she whined. "I'm afraid they may bury me alive!" Her voice trembled with fear.

It was September, 1750, and Mrs. Alberta Beswick's unusual fear was not without validity. Many supposedly dead people, victims of comas and deathlike fainting spells, were frequently buried alive.

"I will leave my estate to you on the promise that you visit me each morning for a year after my death," Mrs. Beswick croaked. The doctor agreed, and the elderly woman's attorneys prepared the proper documents.

Mrs. Beswick died a few days after the strange pact was signed. Dr. White embalmed the body and placed the corpse in the attic of the Beswick mansion. In accordance with the woman's requests, the doctor moved his family into the large home. Each morning, he checked his dead patient in the attic. The body never revealed any sign of life.

After the doctor's death several years later, Mrs. Beswick's remains were moved to the Manchester Museum of Natural History. Her corpse is on display there today—a haunting reminder of a woman's fear of an untimely burial!

THE EERIE VISITOR FROM THE BEYOND

Mrs. Mary Travers put aside her book when she heard a taxi halt in front of her home in Sudbury, Ontario, Canada, on the night of January 21, 1910. Her husband, George, was an insurance salesman. He had been away on a prolonged sales trip, and his familiar footsteps on the porch were a welcome sound.

Mrs. Travers hurried to the front hallway and unlocked the front door. Her husband stomped the snow from his feet and entered the house silently, his hat pulled low over his eyes.

"Welcome home," Mrs. Travers smiled.

Her husband stood quietly with his back to his wife. Mrs. Travers was puzzled by this unusual behavior. "George, are you sick?" she inquired.

The figure turned slowly to face the woman. Mrs. Travers screamed with shocked horror. The face staring at her was undoubtedly her husband—but it was a terrifying, chalk-white death mask!

The woman's anguished screams brought neighbors dashing to her home. The mysterious figure had vanished. The shrill ring of the telephone interrupted their efforts to calm the hysterical woman, who babbled her frightening story.

A neighbor answered the phone. "Train No. 17 plunged off a bridge into the Spanish river tonight," a railroad official said. "It is my duty to inform the family that George Travers was one of the passengers who was killed."

The eerie visitation from a dead husband was verified by several neighbors who heard Mrs. Travers' story before news of her husband's death was announced by the railroad. Elderly residents in Sudbury can still recall the chilling incident—and wonder!

STRANGE DREAM OF A CORPSE

Mrs. Robert Freeman tossed fitfully in her hospital bed on the night of February 10, 1963. She awoke with the startling remembrance of a dream of a corpse in a canyon. The nightmare had seemed so vivid and realistic that Mrs. Freeman reported it to the authorities at the Greenville District Hospital in Plumas County, California.

"Be sure to have the police investigate the canyon," she pleaded. "I know something has happened out there."

Skeptical law officers were informed of the woman's dream and, despite their doubts, checked the site on Highway 40 near Paxton. They were startled to discover an automobile had plunged into a canyon.

The investigating officers were even more incredulous when they discovered that the injured driver of the car was Mrs. Juda Foreman, mother of the hospital patient.

"If it hadn't been for her daughter's dream we might have missed the wreck for a considerable time," an awed policeman reported.

Somehow, through time and space, an injured mother had contacted her daughter with a mental message that led to her rescue!

THE PROPHETIC LETTER

A letter he received from his wife in Sicily pleaded for Antonio Parelli to return home. "I dreamed something terrible will happen to you if you continue to work in Milan," she wrote.

Police discovered the letter in Parelli's pocket after he lost his balance and fell to his death from atop a skyscraper under construction.

VISION OF THE HORRIBLE HAG

Jim Heath dimmed the lights in his home in Bracknell, England. A dark August gloom settled over the room. "It's home-movie time again," he announced, imitating a carnival barker's spiel. "Tonight's spectacular show will be a Heath Productions, Ltd., home movie on our birthday trip to the Chessington Zoo."

The Englishman snapped off the remaining lights. "Ladies will please remove their hats," Heath announced. The projector whirred.

Youthful comments shattered the scenes. "There's the lions . . . Oooh! Remember the tigers . . . where are the elephants?"

Without warning, the film suddenly changed. The happy scenes at the zoo were abruptly replaced by the frightening image of an old hag. The old woman's anguished face was twisted into a startling mask of revulsion. Her horrible head lay on a lace-edged pillow.

Before the incredulous viewers could voice their disapproval at such macabre humor, they were astonished to see views of scenes at the zoo.

"It's not a prank," Heath protested. "I don't know how that image got on the film." His mind was brimming with unanswered questions. Who was the old hag? How did her image get on the film?

Heath had personally unwrapped a fresh pack of film at the zoo. His film processor stated the roll had been developed normally. Photographic experts examined the film and concluded: "There is no evidence of the film having been cut, tampered with, or spliced."

In the five years since the strange image appeared, Heath has received many logical explanations of the phenomena. "Then they see the film and leave very quietly," he reported.

MOVIE ACTRESS TELLS OF CALL FROM THE GRAVE

Movie actress Carolyn Jones experienced an unexplained encounter with the unknown when she was an eight-year-old girl in Amarillo, Texas. According to writer Dick Kleiner of the *Fort Worth Press,* Carolyn and her family enjoyed a warm friendship with a neighboring family.

Tragedy struck the neighborhood when Joyce, the oldest daughter in the neighboring family, was killed in an Easter Sunday automobile collision.

Exactly one year after Joyce's death, Carolyn and her family made an Easter Sunday visit to the neighbors. Their subdued conversation was interrupted by the sharp ring of the telephone.

Carolyn picked up the receiver. "I have a collect call," the operator said. She named Joyce as the caller.

The adults assumed Carolyn was playing a macabre prank. Frowning, the dead girl's father picked up the phone.

"Daddy! I can't get home!" The shocked father heard a voice that sounded exactly like that of his daughter who had died the previous Easter. The bewildered man fainted.

Attempts were made to trace the mysterious call. "There is no record of a collect call to your number," the telephone company informed the incredulous families. The future movie actress and her neighbors were left with another enigma from the unknown.

INDIA'S VANISHING GODDESS

While on a tour of India in 1938, freelance photographer Paul Danielson discovered a rare statue of the four-faced goddess of Gayatri. As Danielson set up his tripod and camera, an Indian holy man appeared from the ruins of a nearby temple.

"You will be wasting your film," the priest declared. "It will be impossible to photograph that statue."

Danielson was accompanied on his tour by an Englishman, C. A. Maxwell, who represented several English newspapers. Maxwell also had a camera, and both men made several exposures. That evening, they developed their film in a portable darkroom. The area around the idol was sharply in focus. Yet the film contained not even a faint outline of the statue, although the exposure and film development was correct.

The following morning, the two puzzled photographers sought out the holy man. "Our goddess is a very jealous woman," the priest explained. "She allows herself to be photographed only after the performance of a special rite and the sacrifices of a gift."

The two photographers followed the holy man's instructions. They obtained an expensive wine, ripe fruit, and a gold coin in a nearby city. The supposedly ancient rite was performed by the holy man. The sacrifice was made. The cameras were again loaded with film and more than a dozen exposures taken. The statue of the idol appeared normally on their film.

Hocus-pocus from a canny Indian conman or another example of India's unexplained mysteries? Although both photographers were experienced newsmen and highly skeptical of magical rites, they could never explain the mystery of the goddess who refused to be photographed.

SHE FOUND A DREAM HOUSE IN HER SLEEP

In 1926, Mr. J. B. Calder accepted the position of headmaster of the Holmfirth Secondary School in Yorkshire, England. "I can appreciate the extra money and the promotion," Mrs. Calder admitted wistfully, "but I doubt we'll find as nice a home there as we have here in Middlesex."

"One can't have everything, dear," Mr. Calder replied. "We'll surely find something suitable for you and the children."

That night Mrs. Calder had a vivid dream of a charming stone house. It sat on a picturesque, rolling slope in a peaceful valley. A brook ran near the house. The waters were alternately clear, dark, and multicolored.

"I know we'll find the house I saw in my dream," Mrs. Calder said at breakfast.

"Rainbow brooks are found only in dreams, my dear," her husband replied.

Although she had never been to Yorkshire, Mrs. Calder was determined to help her husband in house-hunting. No one was more surprised than the Calders when they were driving near Holmfirth, turned a bend in the road, and stared directly at the stone house in the peaceful valley.

"That's the house in my dreams," she said, happily.

Mr. Calder stopped the automobile. "Be that as it may, we won't find a brook of different colors."

An inspection of the property revealed a brook near the house. Strangely enough, the waters were often discolored by colors released from a dye works upstream.

Mr. and Mrs. Calder quickly rented "the house of her dreams."

INDIA'S SEVEN-YEAR-OLD MOTHER

One of the strangest births on record occurred on July 7, 1932, when a seven-year-old Mohammedan girl entered the maternity ward of the Victoria Zanana Hospital in Delhi, India.

After several hours of labor, the child gave birth, by Caesarean section, to a four-pound, three-ounce baby. Doctors and nurses carefully checked the age of the mother. She had been born on October 12, 1925. "We checked and double-checked to be certain the records were accurate," said the attending physician.

Neither the name of the mother or baby were released to the press. "The family does not wish to expose either the young girl, or her child, to public ridicule," a spokesman for the hospital stated.

THE SPIRIT AND THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

"There goes that child again!" snapped Grandma Sybert. "She's jumpin' up and down in her bed agin tonight!"

Her son, Frank Sybert, narrowed his eyes and yelled at his nine-year-old daughter, Bertha. "Stop that playin' around and go to sleep."

"It's the spirit, Paw," the child insisted. "He's followed me to bed again tonight!"

A rugged mountain man, Frank Sybert walked into his daughter's bedroom with a determined stride. "I ain't got time for pranks," he said. "I know you miss your mother, child, but—"

The mountaineer's eyes widened as he looked through the gloom of the mountain cabin. The foot of his daughter's bed rose a yard into the air and then crashed to the rough-planked floor.

"I tol' you I wasn't doin' it," sobbed little Bertha.

Frank Sybert cautiously looked under the bed. There was always the possibility that some idle mountain boy had devised a clever prank. There was no one beneath the bed. Incredibly, the bed rose again and levitated higher and higher. The astounded mountaineer flung himself across the bed in an effort to lower it. The extra weight didn't seem to bother the spirit. The bed hung suspended for several minutes while the mountaineer and his family tried desperately to "figger out the prank."

For six weeks Bertha Sybert's animated bed drew curious, mystified mountaineers to the Sybert home on Wallins Creek, near St. Charles, Virginia. Once, several hefty farmers joined Frank Sybert in an attempt to hold the bed to the floor. Bertha's "Samson's Spirit" lifted them without effort.

After a time, Bertha began to communicate with her

Herculean spirit. She would mumble the incantation "sake, sake bib" and the bed would violently bounce around the room.

The unusual phenomena during the winter of 1938 weakened Bertha. Her "spirit" delighted in not allowing the child to sleep. She was covered with bruises—"sores all over my whole body"—when a physician advised the child be taken to a nearby hospital for treatment.

Newspaper reports tagged the tiny mountain girl "bouncing Bertha."

"I just wish the spirit would leave me alone," the girl sobbed to a reporter from the United Press.

Frank Sybert believed it was witchcraft. "If there is such a thing as witchery, I believe my daughter is bewitched," the mountaineer said. "It couldn't be a ghost. It has to be witchcraft because we've investigated every possible source to determine the cause. There just isn't any natural explanation."

After her hospitalization, Bertha returned home, and the phenomena ceased. Some investigators believe it was the poltergeist phenomena. Many residents of the mountain area believed it was a manifestation of Satan's spirit.

STRANGE WITCH CURES

Since the first ugly hag cured someone of a lingering illness, witches and midwives have been an important factor in healing throughout history. Some of their cures were actually based on a canny knowledge of herbal healing and home remedies. The vast majority often depended on superstition and stupidity to extract payments from their clients.

Some of the strangest cures touted by witches included:

Chicken Pox: Lie down in a chicken coop and have a black hen fly above your head.

Toothache: Carry a scented letter from your loved one in your pocket.

Fever: Cover both wrists with brown paper.

Wrinkles: An old occult cure for aging skin was the "smoke away" remedy. Aging women burned powdered myrrh on a red-hot shovel and held their faces in the fumes.

Food Poisoning: Witches advised the treatment of a poultice of hot tomatoes and vinegar-saturated potatoes on the head with a liberal application of lard over the entire body.

Ringworm: Black gun powder was mixed into a paste with saliva and placed on the infected area.

Drunkenness: Lettuce was considered a sure cure for alcoholism in colonial America. Fortunetellers and witches in Arabia still prescribe the vegetable for tippling clients.

Headaches: Priestesses in ancient Greek temples supposedly cured throbbing headaches by applying a wreath of violets around the patient's head. Another weird cure was to pierce the patient's ear lobes!

Corns: Witches in the Middle Ages sold candles that had

been rubbed on a corpse as a cure for corns and bunions.

Goiter: Voodoo queens in New Orleans sold strings of amber beads to ward off this disease.

Pregnancy: Many witches in Africa presently prescribe a heavy plate of cooked snake hearts to ensure an easy pregnancy and the birth of a son.

Baldness: In sixteenth century France, witches rubbed bald spots with the remains of a mouse that had been buried in a jar for a year.

Birth Control: Moroccan women are advised to step over a corpse three times as a preventive against pregnancy.

Epilepsy: Ancient witches treated this illness by blowing pieces of roasted cuckoo bird into the nostrils of their patients.

Rheumatism: In the backwoods of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, rheumatism was once treated by walking barefoot over dewy grass.

"If these outlandish witches' remedies worked, it was simply because the patient was healed in spite of the treatment," said the physician who collected them.

THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE THAT MURDERED A GIRL

Pretty Eileen Jane Welch, a 16-year-old schoolgirl, rushed across the asphalt playground at Hanson High School in Yorkshire, England. It was a cloudless spring morning, and Miss Welch smiled as she joined a group of giggling girl friends.

"You're a life-saver!" shouted an exuberant classmate. "I couldn't get the answer to number four on our math assignment."

Miss Welch reached for a paper in her math book. "I had trouble with that one—"

The young girl's words were transformed into terrified screams as she was swiftly lifted into the air over the playground. Thirty-eight classmates watched in speechless amazement as she was momentarily suspended at a height of 30 feet over their heads.

Without warning, the girl plunged to the hard surface of the playground. Shocked classmates dashed to her aid. Unconscious, Miss Welch was rushed to a hospital. Her jaw, wrists, arm, thigh, and pelvis were broken—shattered and ruptured by the hard fall.

Two hours later, school authorities announced: "Eileen Jane Welch died a few minutes ago at the hospital."

Shocked eyewitnesses to the incident testified at a coroner's inquest into the mysterious death. "It was as if an invisible hand grabbed her up into the air and then threw her down against the pavement," sobbed a tearful student.

The puzzled coroner called upon a meteorologist and other scientific experts to probe the possibilities of some freak atmospheric disturbance. "It would require a wind of 100 miles per hour to lift the girl into the air," explained

one weather expert. "However, the morning of March 18, 1965, was absolutely calm throughout England."

"Why should this happen only to Miss Welch when others were standing beside her?" inquired the bewildered coroner.

The experts shrugged their shoulders in puzzled confusion. "There are absolutely no clues as to who—or what—killed Miss Welch," they admitted.

A student who had stood near Miss Welch on that mysterious morning devised her own theory. "I think an invisible entity, some evil spirit from another dimension murdered my friend," she sobbed. "It just isn't possible to describe how Eileen was sort of picked up and then thrown against the pavement."

To this day, authorities do not know what unusual element of the known, or unknown, killed the pretty English schoolgirl.

GHOST CURSE ON THE KENNEDY CLAN

Handsome Thomas Kennedy was a wealthy Scotsman who seldom allowed his extensive land holdings to interfere with his love of fishing. When spring arrived in the Lianachan neighborhood of Lochaber, Scotland, in 1708 he gave instructions to his field foremen each morning and then hurried to his favorite fishing stream.

The tall Scotsman was striding through the tall grass along the amber-tinted river one morning. In the distance, he heard the soft, feminine tones of a song drift through the morning haze. "It was such a beautiful voice that I knew the lass who sung it would be a prize for any man," Kennedy reported.

The Scotsman hurried along the river bank and discovered a lovely young woman. She sat quietly on a rock that jutted into the river. The young woman was clothed in a white gown. Her slender hands combed and shaped her long cascades of golden yellow hair. Her feet gently dipped in and out of the cool river water, creating small ripples.

"I was very curious as to why such a young girl would be so far into the forest without an escort," Kennedy said. He coughed discreetly, then cheerfully said, "good morning."

The startled young woman leaped from the rock. She ran desperately into the dense woods. Kennedy was in close pursuit. "Wait! Wait! I mean no harm," he cautioned. "You're running deeper into the woods and may get lost!"

The blonde girl stopped and turned toward Kennedy. A muddy darkness stirred in the depths of her blue eyes. "I hate all men!" Her shrill scream was an ominous curse. "No good luck will ever come to you, or to any male member of your clan, as long as you live in Scotland. You are cursed!" These ugly words ended in eerie laughter as the

girl suddenly vanished from the startled Scotsman's sight.

A troubled Thomas Kennedy forgot his fishing and returned to his home. He knew about the multitude of phantoms and family ghosts in Scotland and Ireland. Although he was not a superstitious man, Kennedy told his family, relatives, and a few friends about the unusual incident.

The phantom lady's curse soon plagued the Kennedy clan. Thomas Kennedy lost a fortune in a fraudulent land deal. One after the other, his handsome sons were stricken with a mysterious malady and died. His daughters married and grieved as they saw the curse pass to their own sons.

Descendants of Thomas Kennedy report that the beautiful phantom appeared just before the death of any clan member. "She clapped her hands and laughed gleefully and predicted a death," they recorded. "When we heard of her visitations, we knew another male Kennedy was doomed!"

Many of the clan left Scotland. Yet the curse seemed to follow them throughout the world. Many named Kennedy have pondered the ancient curse when bad luck plagues their lives.

THE HEADLESS WOMEN OF LONDON TOWER

It was a brisk March night in 1957, and two bored Welsh guardsmen paced off their sentry tour at the Tower of London. A sudden noise, eerie and unnatural, pierced the stillness of the dark. The guards' skin prickled with fright.

"It came from over there!" The first guard pointed toward the stone battlements on the ancient tower.

"M-m-maybe it's one of the headless ghosts," blurted his companion.

"I don't believe in such nonsense." The two guardsmen summoned their courage and moved closer to the strange sounds. Seconds later, they were staring directly at the glowing figure of a ghost!

A "shapeless white figure" glided between the battlements and then vanished before the astonished men could collect their wits. They hastened to their sergeant-major and reported the incident. Subsequently, London newspapers informed Britain that another headless ghost had appeared at the Tower of London.

Practically every Englishman was convinced the apparition was the ghost of Lady Grey, who was beheaded after serving as Queen of England for nine days. Even more astonishing, they pointed out that the ghost had appeared on the 403rd anniversary of Lady Grey's execution.

Anne Boleyn, Henry VIII's unpopular second wife, was executed for alleged indiscretions in 1536; her headless ghost is said to haunt the Tower. On the night of February 17, 1933, a terrified sentry was suddenly confronted by the shimmering, illuminated figure of a headless woman. The guardsman fled in terror.

Several years earlier, a stouthearted sentry saw the apparition of a headless woman approaching his post. He courageously ordered the figure to stop and, when his com-

mands were ignored, made several thrusts with his sharp bayonet. The weapon went through the figure as if it were nothing more than thick London fog—or a ghost! The sentry fainted. He was promptly courtmartialed for deserting his post. A knowledgeable board of military men who were familiar with the legends of headless ghosts quickly acquitted the unfortunate sentry.

THE WOMAN WHO TALKS TO FISH

Miss Marie Spikner of Amsterdam, Holland, has the unique ability to talk to fish. She can stand on the edge of her fish pond and call "Here, Perch! Here, Perch!", and this species of fish will rise to the surface.

The young woman launched this curious hobby when she recognized individual fish in the pool. Although she called softly, the fish failed to heed her commands.

"Gradually, I attracted their attention by worms and bread crumbs," she explained. "At first, I could call them simply by species. Then, again gradually, I identified each fish by number or name."

Miss Spikner can softly call, "Come here, Bass Number Two." The designated fish will respond to her voice. "They are really quite intelligent and quickly trained if rewarded for their efforts," Miss Spikner said. "There is no witchcraft or occult arts involved. It is pure training and rapport between myself and the fish."

Finally, Miss Spikner taught her fish friends to permit her to lift them from the water—the ultimate trust for a species that depends on water for life.

QUEEN OF THE ALCHEMISTS—SHE TURNED LEAD INTO GOLD!

The search for a method of transforming lead and other base metals into gold and silver was begun in ancient China and Egypt. Thousands of "get-rich-quick" experimenters spent their entire lives in quest of this elusive secret. They sought the legendary philosopher's stone, a "secret" that was supposed to accomplish the miraculous change. Medieval believers were convinced that such a transmutation was possible.

Yet throughout written history only one recorded incident of true alchemy can be verified. It was performed by Parelle and Nicholas Flamel, two Parisians who were lured into alchemy by mutual curiosity—not greed. The Flamels were wealthy and content with their prosperous life until Nicholas awoke from a disturbing dream in 1857.

"I saw a book bound in copper with pages of thin bark," he told Parelle during breakfast. "The lettering was drawn with an ancient stylus. The writing was Latin. It was called *The Book of Abraham the Jew*. It told the secrets of how to turn lead into precious gold and silver."

While her husband managed his bustling business, Parelle secretly searched the bookshops of Paris. After several months, she noticed a copper-covered volume in a musty corner of a scribe's shop. She purchased the volume. Excitement rose within her as she hurried to her husband's shop.

"It's exactly as you dreamed," she informed her husband. The book was composed of drawings and instructions in obscure Latin. There were precise formulas for the construction of furnaces and chemical apparatus to transmute lead into silver.

The couple labored seven years to translate the ancient

text. While her husband ran the business, Parelle directed the construction of furnaces. She scoured Parisian shops for the necessary chemical apparatus.

"I don't think we'll ever find that elusive elixir," grumbled Nicholas. He had arrived home to find his wife stoking the furnaces. There was no dinner on the table.

"Wait! I'm almost finished with this experiment," Parelle replied excitedly. "This is the formula for the white elixir."

Nicholas watched as his wife carefully added a small gram of powder to a bubbling mixture. The green liquid was instantly transformed into a brilliant white substance.

"Forget about food," Nicholas blurted. "I'll heat a container of lead. Perhaps it will work!"

"Take care," cautioned Parelle. "I have just a bit of the elixir. It would be heartbreaking to waste it."

The couple held their breath as the white elixir was poured into a bubbling kettle of lead. They were startled by a sudden scalding spurt from the cauldron. A vile stench spiraled over the mixture. The lead was tinted with a gleaming silverish color!

A neighboring goldsmith was hurriedly summoned to the Flamel home. He scrutinized the metal. "It's silver," he reported. "As pure as I've ever seen."

From this initial success, Parelle and her husband continued their experiments. They refined their chemicals into a red elixir. This mixture reportedly transmuted mercury into a soft, ductile gold.

When Parelle died in 1897, after forty years of experiments, the couple had successfully made several transmutations. The precious metals from each experiment were given to religious charities in Paris. "It is merely a hobby," Flamel informed greedy visitors who tried to bargain for the secret alchemist formula.

After his own death, Flamel was buried beside his wife at the Church of St. Jacques la Boucherie. The only surviving relic is his tombstone. After his death, mobs of

greedy opportunists burglarized the home in search of *The Book of Abraham the Jew*. It was not found on the premises. "Flamel hid the book in some place known only to himself," swore a weary chemist.

Even today, scholars haunt the bookstalls of Paris for the copper-bound book. Many believe the book was the only one rescued from the legendary library at ancient Alexandria, Egypt.

THE WOMAN FROM OUT OF TIME

Mrs. Coleen Buterbaugh was a secretary to Dr. Sam Dahl of Nebraska Wesleyan College in Lincoln, Nebraska. Precisely at 8:50 a.m. on the morning of October 23, 1963, Mrs. Buterbaugh entered an office in the ancient C. C. White building on campus. She was on an errand for the dean.

As she stepped inside the door, the secretary noticed that both rooms of the two-room office suite were empty. The windows were open. As she walked into the room, Mrs. Buterbaugh experienced a strange feeling. "I felt I was not alone in that office," she reported.

"I looked up and for what must have been a few seconds could see the figure of a woman," she reported. "She was standing with her back toward me, at a cabinet in the second office." Mrs. Buterbaugh did not know the strange woman. Even more unusual, the tall, slender woman was wearing a dress from another era.

Mrs. Buterbaugh later related the unusual experience to Rose Sipe of the *Lincoln Evening Journal*. "I felt the presence of a man sitting at the desk to my left, but when I turned around, there was no one there," she said. "I looked out the windows. The scenery seemed to be that of many years ago. The new Willard sorority house across the lawn was not there. Nothing on the outside seemed to be modern in appearance. I was so frightened that I turned and quickly left the room."

Later, Dean Dahl and Dr. Glenn Callen, chairman of the social sciences division, aided Mrs. Buterbaugh in identifying the apparition. College yearbooks portrayed the ghostly woman as Miss Clara Mills, who had died in the very office visited by Mrs. Buterbaugh.

"I can see her just as plain as day when I close my eyes," declared Mrs. Buterbaugh.

"Time? What is it?" moaned St. Augustine. Perhaps certain sensitive people are capable of stepping into the past or future. Incidents such as Mrs. Buterbaugh's cannot be explained by our most knowledgeable scientists.

GREEN GHOST OF THE QUEEN MOTHER'S CASTLE

Searching for a quiet summer retreat, Queen Mother Elizabeth of England purchased the remote ruins of Mey Castle on the coast of Mey, Scotland, in 1952. Before the purchase, the Queen's representatives were warned that the ancient structure was haunted by a "screaming girl ghost in green."

"Your paneling and plastics won't stop the haunting!" warned the villagers. Their prophesy was correct. Since restoration, a ghastly green-clad ghost has been sighted on numerous occasions.

The castle was constructed in 1563 by the fourth Earl of Caithness. The nobleman's attractive daughter fell in love with a local farmboy and planned to elope with her lover. The irate father was informed of the lover's plans and imprisoned his daughter in a room atop the tower of the castle. Heartbroken and grief-stricken, Lady Frances leaped to her death from the tower window. Her crushed body was discovered on the jagged rocks outside the castle.

Reports indicate the suicide is repeated endlessly by the green-gowned ghost. Visitors and caretakers have seen the apparition of Lady Frances gliding ominously up the stone stairway to the tower room. "Tearful moanings and weeping are often heard during the night," said a caretaker.

Nights at the castle have been disturbed by a horrible scream, followed by the cool rush of air, like a body plunging downward. The phenomena ends with a sickening thud outside the castle. Many people have seen the tower room illuminated at night. "The window was sealed with stone

after the suicide," the puzzled caretaker explained. "We can't locate the source of the light."

It is reported that the queen mother has not seen the green-gowned ghost. However, royal pets who approach the tower room flee in whimpering terror. The queen mother's dogs avoid this section of the castle completely.

Is it possible for an ancient successful suicide to repeat itself endlessly? Many Scotsmen and visitors to Mey Castle swear this frightening manifestation is a reality.

THE REINCARNATED SPIRITS OF ATLANTIS

Perhaps the most colorful woman in the history of the occult was a fat, fiftyish adventuress who emigrated from Russia to New York City near the start of the present century. Helena P. Blavatsky had already lived enough for several women before she entered the world of the occult.

Born in Russia, she had been the wife of an important general in the czar's army. After his death, she left Russia and was the mistress of a mediocre Slovenian musician, an English trader and a Russian nobleman. Between lovers, the fun-loving Madame Blavatsky had been an excellent bareback rider in the circus, a professional pianist who toured Europe, a factory worker, a business manager, and a spiritualist medium.

Madame Blavatsky was barely making expenses as a professional spirit medium in New York when respectable, righteous Henry Olcott, an attorney, walked into her storefront establishment one afternoon. Madame Blavatsky eyed her new client with the canny eye of a carny spieler judging the suckers on the midway.

"Your troubles are caused by your previous life during the age of the lost island of Atlantis." Madame Blavatsky explained there was a supercivilization that flourished 12,000 years ago in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. In time, violent earthquakes, floods, and torrential rains racked the island civilization. Within a single day, the powerful island disappeared into the sea. Even Plato, the Greek philosopher, recorded the life and folklore of this legendary lost civilization.

Watching Henry Olcott carefully, Madame Blavatsky played her spiritualistic reading strictly by ear. "You were one of the ten kings of Atlantis," she declared. "This ex-

plains your dissatisfaction with life as a man of commerce in our city."

There is no record of what transpired between Madame Blavatsky and Henry Olcott during that first and succeeding spiritual readings. However, shortly after their chance meeting, Olcott closed the doors of his flourishing law practice, left his wife and children, and grabbed the first ocean liner to India. Madame Blavatsky was his smug traveling companion.

Here, in the land of mysticism and mysteries, Madame Blavatsky and her lover set up séances designed to lure occult believers into their "Atlantan Temple." The adventuress quickly discovered that her tale of Atlantis was a high-powered, heady prescription against boredom for wealthy British matrons. She declared she held conversations with invisible entities, Atlantan mahatmas, during her séances.

Four-armed Cyclops . . . gold and silver palaces . . . a magnificent metropolis . . . brave warriors . . . beautiful maidens . . . a kingdom devoted to the power of the intellect—all appealed to her feminine clients.

"Oooh! It sounds so wonderful," gushed a client. "To think I was one of the temple virgins in Atlantis!"

While the séances were bringing in clients by the dozens each day, Madame Blavatsky discovered her time was limited. It was then that she wrote her new Bible, *The Secret Doctrine*. The book had supposedly been written on palm leaves in the lost language of Atlantis by the mysterious mahatmas and then translated and printed. "*The Secret Doctrine* contains the true wisdom of the occult world," exclaimed Madame Blavatsky. Naturally, the price of the book ranged from $1,000 in gold-bound editions to a mere $100 for a regularly bound edition.

As Madame Blavatsky grew older, she announced that the downfall of Atlantis had been caused by the discovery of the pleasures of sex. It was a strange philosophy for a woman who had taken pleasure in the arms of a long line of lovers.

Madame Blavatsky insisted until her death that her occult philosophy and the Atlantan mahatmas were real. Since then, many people continue to purchase a small printing of *The Secret Doctrine* each year.

Most authorities consider Madame B. to have been a canny charlatan who used Atlantis as romantic sucker bait for believers in the occult. Others insist her pronouncements were the true word. Regardless of the truth, one thing is certain: Her tale of Atlantis transformed the life of a middle-aged fortuneteller into one of bright lights, success—and plenty of money!

MESMERIC MENTAL MAGIC

In 1849, hypnotism was still in the experimental stages. Many early researchers conducted experiments in which subjects were placed in a trance and ordered to travel outside of their bodies. One of the most astonishing reports of a mesmeric mental journey was recorded by the world-renowned mathematician, Dr. Augustus de Morgan.

De Morgan accepted an invitation to dine at a friend's home, located approximately one mile from his residence. De Morgan's wife remained at home to attempt a hypnotic cure on a young epileptic girl.

The dinner was uneventful. De Morgan returned home late in the evening.

"We followed you," his wife reported enthusiastically. "As you know, my young patient has shown some clairvoyant ability in the past. When she was in a trance, I ordered her to go after you."

Although the girl had never been in the area of the city where De Morgan dined, she accurately described scenes along the streets. She indicated to Mrs. de Morgan that her spirit stood before the house in which de Morgan was a guest.

"Knock on the door," the hypnotist instructed.

"I can't do so until I enter the gate," the child replied. The mathematician verified that his friend's home was surrounded by a wall with an entrance gate.

"See if you can find my husband," Mrs. de Morgan ordered.

The girl haltingly described her trip inside the house. "There are voices upstairs," she mumbled. The child provided a vivid description of the rooms and furniture. She described the menu and reported on the conversation at the dinner table.

De Morgan, although he believed in the purity of mathematics, was undoubtedly awed by such a detailed, accurate description of his evening. The young girl became quite adept at "traveling clairvoyance" and successfully repeated the phenomena on several other occasions.

DREAM OF THE MISSING BODY

The drowned body of Van Allen, Jr., a 17-year-old Jackson, Mississippi, youth had been missing for more than a week. Mrs. James F. "Billy" Runnels and her husband had joined the search party. The Pearl River was a swift stream filled with hidden holes and swirling whirlpools. More than one victim's body had been lost forever in the treacherous waters.

Weary and tired after the day of searching, Mrs. Runnels drifted off to a disturbed sleep on the night of April 11, 1964. Her dream focused on a curve in the river, a spot three miles downstream from the city's water works dam. Mrs. Runnels "saw" the youth's body, clad in blue swimming trunks, caught on a log in midstream.

Mrs. Runnels awakened suddenly and informed her husband of the dream. Mr. Runnels reported searchers had checked that area of the river on several occasions. The dream seemed so vivid and lifelike that Mrs. Runnels insisted the location be checked on the following morning.

Accompanied by Wayne Bridges, a neighbor, the Runnels started down river in a heavy rainstorm. As they approached the bend in the river, a flash of blue was spotted near a log. Near midstream, they saw the body of the drowned youth just as it appeared in the dream.

"I never experienced anything of this type before," Mrs. Runnels informed reporters. "The whole thing gave me an eerie, queer feeling."

THE KILLER POLTERGEIST

"John Bell! . . . John Bell! Your days are numbered.
"John Bell! . . . John Bell! John Bell will go to hell!"

This ominous rhyme crackled through the gloom of the Bell cabin in Springfield, Tennessee, during the early months of 1816. The cackling hag's voice was the frightening manifestation of the "Bell Witch," an invisible entity that created chaos and ultimately murdered John Bell.

Unlike most humorous, mischievous poltergeists, the Bell Witch was no benign pebble-pelting prankster. Betsy Bell, a shy, mountain teenager, was frequently punished for her supposed "transgressions and sins."

"We heard the slaps clearly and could see the marks on the face of the tormented young girl," wrote an investigator. He was also violently punished for an effort to expose the entity.

Most poltergeist manifestations last for no more than two weeks. The unique Bell Witch tormented the Tennessee family for four years. John Bell and his daughter, Betsy, received the brunt of the punishment. Surprisingly, the strange entity revealed unconcealed respect for Mrs. Bell. When the matronly woman became ill and was confined to her bed, the "witch" materialized a large quantity of hazel nuts. "Oh dear! I forgot to crack them!" cried the invisible voice. Instantly, the nuts were swept up into the air, cracked, and separated from their shells.

One evening, the witch disrupted a birthday party for Betsy. The celebrants were suddenly showered with an abundant supply of fresh bananas. "Happy birthday, Betsy!" cackled the voice. "I picked these a moment ago on a West Indies Island." Investigators noted that bananas were a very expensive rarity in Tennessee in 1818. It is

doubtful that even the most mischievous prankster would be so extravagant.

John Bell was beaten, cuffed, and pummeled by the vindictive invisible force. During the fourth year of this terrible torment, in 1820, Bell was afflicted with a nervous condition. The family physician prescribed bedrest. The Bell Witch determinedly tortured the distressed mountaineer. His face was slapped repeatedly by an invisible hand. His bruised body was pummeled, viciously pounded by hard blows struck without warning. When he tried to sleep, the Bell Witch flung his body high in the air, ripped off the bed sheets, and cackled with devilish delight!

John Bell was found dead in his bed on the morning of December 19, 1820. John, Jr., the eldest son, noticed a strange vial of medicine beside the lifeless body. The young man tested the liquid on the family cat, which instantly dropped dead.

"You're right, Junior!" sneered the voice. "I poisoned the old man while he slept. I fixed him for good!" During the funeral services in the cabin, the entity sang obscene songs, chanted ribald rhymes, and punctuated the minister's solemn sermon with loud laughter.

Afterward, energy seemed to disappear sharply from the murderous manifestation. "I will come again in 1828," it predicted one gloomy night, and then disappeared from the Bell homestead. True to the prophesy, there was a reappearance, although young Betsy had married and was no longer living at home. The family successfully ignored the manifestation, and the mysterious visitor vanished into the unknown.

The eerie entity has puzzled psychic researchers for one hundred and fifty years. Dr. Nandor Fodor, a noted psi authority, speculated that Betsy Bell was a catalyst for the poltergeist. The child might have been subjected to some shocking sexual experience by her father and "to save her reason, a fragment of her mind split off and became the Bell Witch," he concluded.

BATTLE OF THE GHOST SOLDIERS

In August, 1951, two young Englishwomen were vacationing at Dieppe, France, which was the site of the tragic World War II raid by Canadian soldiers. Almost 1,000 commandos had been killed while probing the defensive power of Hitler's channel defenses.

Shortly before dawn, on the morning of August 4, the women were awakened from a deep sleep by the disturbing sounds of gunfire. There seemed to be a deafening battle nearby. The haze of dawn was punctuated by the sharp explosion of rifle fire and shells. Soldiers yelled and screamed as the shrill blasts of dive bombers roared out of the reddening sky. The noise of combat was so realistic that the two distraught women rushed onto the hotel balcony, scanning the horizon for a glimpse of the battle.

Yet despite the clearing night sky, they did not see any signs of battle. While other guests in the hotel were sleeping soundly, the women told their story to the proprietor. He shrugged with typical Gallic indifference.

"Perhaps it was a dream," he suggested gently. He crossed himself. "We have had no combat here since the last war, and with God's help, we will never have any more."

Despite their curiosity during the battle, the two women fortunately had the presence of mind to record their impressions of the battle as it raged. Their notes detailed when the sounds started, heightened, settled down, and ended.

On their return to England, they forwarded a detailed report to the Society for Psychical Research in London. Parapsychologists carefully checked their report against the war files on the Canadian Commando Raid.

"It's incredible!" announced a researcher. He pointed to

the time sequence of the two incidents. The battle notes taken by the two women matched the official war records in every detail!

It was another unexplained example of psychic phenomena and the weird wonder of time.

DEADLY LOVE SPELL OF THE SECRET STATUE

Because it casts a deadly love spell on men, a wooden statue of a beautiful woman is now hidden in the musty basement of the Naval Museum in La Spezia, Italy. The statue's shapely figure is revealingly clad in a brief garment from the era of classical Greece. "We believe it depicts the ancient goddess, Atalanta," said a naval officer recently. "We think it may have been the decorative prow on an ancient ship of the same name."

The crew of the Italian frigate, *Veloce*, discovered the statue floating in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean in 1864. "It will make a welcome decoration for the deck," said Captain Aristofane Caimmi. The statue was brought aboard, and crewmen immediately fell under the spell of the enchanting statue.

"Sailors gazed at 'her' for long periods of time," Captain Caimmi reported. "They seemed jealous when another man looked upon the statue. Quarrels developed, and fights broke out. I locked the statue in an empty cargo hold until we reached Genoa."

In 1879, the statue was moved from a warehouse in Genoa and placed in the Naval Museum at La Spezia. A guard at the museum claimed the statue had cast a "bewitching" spell on his mind. After talking about the statue's beauty hour after hour for many months, the disturbed guard committed suicide.

Erich Kurtz, a German soldier, was in charge of the museum during World War II. Also fascinated, he spent many hours staring at the statue of Atalanta. One afternoon, Kurtz stole the statue and hid it in his rented apartment. Now the statue of the beautiful goddess was his alone, he thought.

A short time later, the Wehrmacht military police were notified that the German soldier had not been at the museum for several days and made a routine call to their comrade's apartment. They found Kurtz dead at the foot of the statue. The soldier had committed suicide by firing a bullet into his head. The German MP's read the dead man's suicide note:

"Since no living women can give me the life of my dreams, O Atalanta, I sacrifice my life to you!"

After the soldier's body was shipped home, the deadly statue of Atalanta was returned to the museum. "Put the cursed thing in the basement and keep it from the sight of men!" ordered a German Army officer. "Too many good men have fallen under her love spell."

The statue has been hidden since that time. Only her victims could recount the enchanting fascination of the lovely statue. And their lips are sealed—by death!

THE EMPRESS WITH THE SMELL OF DEATH

Following the defeat of his army in the Franco-Prussian War, Napoleon III fled to England. The exiled emperor was accompanied by Empress Eugénie and their son, Prince Louis. Although he was a courageous, athletic individual, the prince was addicted to a lilac-scented perfume. When the bloody Zulu War broke out in Africa, Louis volunteered for duty with an English regiment.

"It is certainly ironic to see our only son fighting for the British flag," Napoleon III commented before his death in 1873.

By 1879, the British succeeded in conquering the proud Zulu warriors. Shortly afterward, Empress Eugénie was informed that Louis had been mortally wounded in a final battle on the Boer veld. As friends gathered to console the grieving empress, she vowed, "I won't rest until my son's body has been brought home from that dreadful land and placed in the family vault with his father."

The determined mother sailed alone on her grim pilgrimage. In Africa, the empress was informed by solicitous British Army officials that the recovery of her son's body was impossible.

"There were several hard skirmishes on the week of your son's death," the commanding officer explained. "There was no time for a military burial. Your son is buried somewhere out on the veld in a grave marked only by a small pile of stones."

Undaunted, Empress Eugénie hired Zulu trackers and launched a safari toward the general area of her son's death. Day after day, under the searing sun, the 50-year-old empress and her trackers wandered over the dense land. The empress stiffened suddenly one morning.

"Halt the caravan," she ordered. "I smell lilacs. Louis must be buried near here!"

Following the fragrance of "an overpowering smell of lilac," the empress walked directly to a small pile of stones. The Zulu trackers dug into the grave and exhumed the body of Prince Louis. The smell of perfume had led his royal mother to his unmarked grave!

STRANGE OCCULT BEAUTY SECRETS

An American ambassador and his companion, an English diplomat, walked leisurely through the palace grounds during the reign of Queen Victoria of England. Important matters of state were suddenly forgotten when the stunned ambassador saw a plump woman rolling rapidly across the palace lawn.

"Good lord, man! There's some loony woman rolling across the grass," blurted the ambassador.

The Englishman chuckled. "Don't worry, old chap. There is no cause for alarm. Dear Queen Victoria is simply taking her daily beauty exercise."

The gaping American watched Her Royal Highness roll across the grass. It was a highly undignified exercise for any woman, let alone one of the world's most noted queens and the director of Britain's powerful empire. "But what does that exercise have to do with beauty?" the distraught American ambassador inquired.

"The ways of women are strange," admitted the Englishman. "The queen consulted a so-called witch who dabbles in beauty secrets. The old nanny informed Her Highness that rolling in the dew of morning grass prevented wrinkles and toned up the luster of the skin. Since then, the queen and her entourage have been rolling merrily about the palace grounds. You become accustomed to the spectacle after a time."

Queen Victoria's belief in the beautifying power of grassy morning dew reveals that even royalty is susceptible to the blandishments of witches' potions, occult cosmetic secrets, or the huckstering of conmen. Before the advent of a commercial cosmetic industry that offers youth in a bottle—for a price!—women concocted their own lotions, creams, and home beautifiers. These recipes were

imparted confidentially by an often-ugly witch. No one bothered to ask why these old crones did not use the recipes to beautify themselves.

Most ancient cosmetics contained simple ingredients found around any farm or home. Possibly, they preserved and enhanced the beauty of the user as much as today's commercial preparations. These unique home cosmetic preparations were handed down word-of-mouth from mother to daughter. They include:

Teeth Whitener: The crushed stem of the althea blossom should be rubbed vigorously over the teeth to impart a bright luster to the enamel. The more juice put on the teeth, the whiter they will become. Salt was recommended as an excellent substitute for tooth powder in frontier America. Some people today say a mixture of salt and common household soda (equal parts, or to taste) cleans the teeth and hardens soft gum tissues.

Lemon Skin Purifier: The juice of three lemons is mixed with one-half pint of water. It is said to make a refreshing skin tightener. The astringent-like liquid is applied three or four times daily.

Skin Whiteners: Occult practitioners throughout the world have recommended milk or cream for a blemish-free, white skin. In Spain, milk is considered to be better than the most expensive cream. Rub milk, or cream, into the face and allow it to remain for 15 minutes. Afterward, powder the face with common household starch and leave it for another 15 minutes. Remove with a brisk facial wash in cold water.

Hand Care: Cracked, wrinkled hands can be softened and healed by bathing them daily in buttermilk. Bran can be mixed with buttermilk to make a beauty paste that can be rubbed freely on the hands or body.

Strawberry Lotion: Ripe, hulled strawberries are cleaned, washed, and mashed to a juicy pulp. This mixture is strained through a linen cloth and diluted with an equal

amount of clear water. A "pinch or two" of powdered Borax is added to the mixture. The berry lotion is said to be a very effective skin lotion.

Orange Flower Wrinkle Remover: A favorite wrinkle remover in the southern United States and tropical countries is steeped orange blossoms. Fragrant blossoms are steeped in water for an hour. The mixture is then strained through a muslin cloth and bottled for future use. Rubbed regularly on the skin, orange wrinkle remover is supposed to be miraculous in removing wrinkles. Taken in small doses internally, it is touted as a soothing nerve medicine.

Forehead Wrinkles: Equal parts of egg white and alcohol are mixed and spread on the forehead in liberal applications. The mixture is held in place by a binding cloth. The cream should remain on the forehead as long as possible. Treatment should continue until the wrinkles have diminished or disappeared.

Shampoo: Voodoo witches in tropical South America are widely known for their *juju* skills in the black art of sorcery. When a young maiden approaches the voodoo queens with a problem of dry, bodiless hair, the prescription is to shampoo with an overripe mashed avocado.

Spinach Beauty Bath: Since the time of Louis XVI, shredded spinach has been considered a luxurious addition to a beautiful woman's bath water.

Complexion Care: Just as today's beauty moguls hawk some expensive nostrum ranging from royal jelly to turtle oil, medieval witches prescribed equally expensive remedies to their own patients. In the Middle Ages, sugar was a very expensive commodity in Europe. It was considered very beneficial as an aid to a clean, warm complexion.

Folk remedies, occult beauty secrets, and granny cosmetics are often composed of strange ingredients. You might try the witches' wrinkle remover or the spinach beauty bath. Who knows? There may be a lovelier you in the future—thanks to some medieval mistress of sorcery!

QUEEN OF THE MYSTIC FAKIRS

Carole Honter, a 21-year-old Australian girl, bested the masters of Indian mysticism in 1962 with performances that left them gasping with disbelief. The young girl ate hot coals, drank sulphuric acid, and stuffed flaming camphor cotton balls into her mouth. "Her Yoga ability must be seen to be believed," admitted awed Professor Judauddin, a noted Oriental miracle man.

Carole was born in Ceylon and moved to Australia with her family when she was 12 years old. She returned to the Orient each summer to practice mystical mastery under the guidance of a mysterious Buddhist monk, whom she refused to identify. "It is the true Yogi tradition to not disclose the name of your teacher in the art," Miss Honter explained.

Carole astonished a seminar of Yogi practitioners by thrusting a burning torch into her mouth. The group sought safety when she blew fire rings over their heads! "It looked as effortless as blowing cigarette smoke rings," one newsman said after the spectacular achievement.

Another favorite feat is a dangerous trance dance with six large python snakes encircled around her young body. Swami Karunananda, known throughout the Orient as an expert snake charmer, declared Carole used mystical powers on the snakes. "She had to render them harmless before the dance," he asserted. "Otherwise, these deadly reptiles would squeeze her to death!"

The stunned swami seminar was reportedly shocked that a young woman was so adept in the knowledge of such powers. "Few women learn these arts," Swami Genandani stated. "Such knowledge is never recorded on paper. It is passed from teacher to disciple by conversation and actual demonstration. It is fantastic to see such a young girl outdo the finest of fakirs!"

SHE RETURNED FROM THE DEAD

Mrs. Margaret Grayson underwent major surgery in a New York hospital on the morning of June 21, 1966. Two days later, she reached for a glass of water on a table near her bed. Her weakened body slid across the stiff, starched sheets and the 59-year-old patient plunged to the hard tile floor.

"Help me!" Mrs. Grayson whimpered. A piercing pain tightened around her heart.

The patient in the next bed quickly summoned a nurse. The young woman started resuscitation. "Get a doctor!" she screamed. "Her heart has stopped beating!"

An intern dashed into the room and applied electric shock to Mrs. Grayson's heart. Her heart had stopped beating for four minutes, and Mrs. Grayson was clinically dead for that time.

What is it like to return from the dead?

"I seemed to be flying through spirals of color," Mrs. Grayson reported. "It was like a tunnel with alternating bands of color. I was aware of 'being dead' and yet I was delighted by the warmth of death.

"At the end of the colorful tunnel I floated into an indescribable light. My husband stood there. He had died several years previously. Jim looked exactly as I remembered him, and he was accompanied by my son, who drowned when he was a teenager. As I floated toward them, my husband smiled. 'Not yet, Margaret!' he said softly."

After hearing these words from her deceased husband, Mrs. Grayson saw the two figures vanish. She was propelled back through the tunnel of colored spirals. She returned to the hospital room and saw her body with the medical team working feverishly to restore life. When the

electric charge triggered life into her heart, Mrs. Grayson returned to her body.

"I am no longer afraid of death," Mrs. Grayson wrote recently. "I am happy to have returned from the dead. But we should not fear it."

RESCUE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

It was a sunny afternoon on July 11, 1967, when Marjorie Colby left her home in suburban Houston, Texas, to play beside a deserted gravel pit. Marjorie noticed a crude bridge jutting out over the brackish, dark water that filled the pit and decided to walk onto the narrow structure.

As she approached the bridge, Marjorie was confronted by a strange woman in a white uniform. "I am Hazel McMasters," the woman said, sharply. "Don't go out there. You go directly home!"

The startled girl looked closer. She discovered the bridge would have collapsed under the slightest weight. She would have fallen into the pit and possibly drowned. She hurried home and informed her parents of the incident.

Both of the child's parents were visibly shaken by her story. Tom Colby stared silently for a minute. "I guess we have to tell her," he said finally.

"You were adopted, dear," explained Mrs. Colby. "Before we moved to Houston we lived in another state. I was unable to have a child. We had a cousin. He and his wife were killed in a head-on automobile collision. Your mother's name was Hazel McMasters. She was a registered nurse and almost always wore a white uniform."

This case was reported personally to me by the Colby family. There is little evidence to indicate the incident did happen. Yet there is equally little reason to doubt the word of a reputable family who had absolutely no interest in psychic phenomena until that strange summer day in 1967.

MENTAL MESSAGES TO LUTHER BURBANK'S SISTER

Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, was well known as one of the nation's greatest creators of new plant life. Burbank originated the spineless cacti, the Shasta daisy, and numerous varieties of new fruits and vegetables. Less known was his keen interest in mental telepathy, inherited from his mother.

In an article in Hearst's magazine in May, 1923, Burbank told an astonishing tale of mental messages:

"I inherited my mother's ability to send and receive communications. So did one of my sisters. In tests before the University of California, she was able, seven out of ten times, to receive messages sent to her telepathically.

"My mother, who lived to be more than ninety-six years of age, was in poor health the last years of her life. During these years, I often wished to summon my sister. On such occasions, I never had to write, telephone, or telegraph her. Instead, I sent messages telegraphically, and each time she arrived in Santa Rosa, California, where I live, on the next train," Burbank wrote.

There were no records maintained on messages sent and received by Dr. Burbank and his sister. However, it is doubtful a reputable scientist trained in factual study would exaggerate their success.

THE GIRL WITH EYES IN HER FINGERS

At first, her parents thought Vera Petrova was joking. It was typical of the vivacious, fun-loving 11-year-old Russian child to tease her father about the contents of a massive steel vault in his office.

"And what do you see in the safe this morning?" Mr. Petrova inquired, smiling indulgently at his daughter on a bright summer morning in 1964. "More papers? Perhaps a few rubles? A gold coin?"

Vera placed her slender hands on the top of the safe. "You're trying to play a trick on me, Papa!" she admonished. She laughed delightedly. "You have purchased a new doll for me!"

Her father sighed, opened the safe, and gave the doll to his happy daughter. As he watched Vera's excitement, Mr. Petrova was disturbed by the strange gifts exhibited by his daughter. There was no question about it. Pretty Vera Petrova, now known as Russia's Wonder Girl, can see through thick walls or inside a safe. However, her unusual gift of clairvoyance will work only when she is blindfolded, and she must place her hands on the object.

Vera can hold an envelope containing a photograph and accurately describe the people in the picture. She can read books or identify colors simply by touching them. However, the gift vanishes if her hands are moist. "I just don't know," was her reply to the probing questions from a writer from Moscow's *Agricultural Life* magazine.

Scientists are equally mystified by her extrasensory ability. "We are simply unable to explain her skin sight phenomena," reported Professor D. Fedetov of the Moscow Psychiatric Institute. "It is almost miraculous. We tested the child under rigid conditions. It was as if she had eyes in her fingertips!"

To date, Vera retains her extraordinary ability, but has not capitalized on it. She remains a happy, contented Russian teenager. "Everyone can do it if they try," she said recently. Everyone, perhaps, except the remainder of the world's population!

OCCULT TOMBSTONES AND EERIE EPITAPHS

One of the most prophetic inscriptions ever chiseled on a tombstone can be viewed today in the old Kirby Churchyard at Essex, England. The 500-year-old marble marker over a woman's grave reads:

When pictures look alive with movement free.
When ships like fishes swim beneath the sea.
When men outstripping birds shall scan the sky.
Then half the world deep in blood shall die.

The grave of a woman in Woburn, Massachusetts, is inscribed with a stone legend that has led to many local arguments. Some say the woman was boasting while others maintain that her grave inscription was a plaintive regret at having missed something in life:

Here lies Ada Spurgeon
Who Died An Absolute Virgin
(So help me!)

Mamie Bell died in New York City on January 27, 1904, and her epitaph may have been inspired by an unhappy life or some dark tragedy. Above her lonely grave are the carved words:

Revenge renews our happy love in heaven forever.

A woman who died in London, England, recently gave instructions to her family for what she considered a proper epitaph. The marble stone words announced her philosophy:

If leading priests and politicians go to heaven
I'll get off at the other station.

When his wife died after several years of turbulent marriage, a young Southern mountaineer purchased a grave marker that read:

The Light of My Life Has Gone Out

Later, the husband met an attractive woman, remarried, and added this last line to his first wife's tombstone:

. . . "But I Found Another Match!"

In many different cemeteries around the country is an epitaph with profound philosophy:

As I Am Now, As You Must Be
Therefore, Plan To Follow Me.

In southern Illinois, a local humorist added to this inscription:

To Follow you, I'm Not Content,
Lady, I don't know which way you went.

The epitaph over the grave of a possibly bumbling midwife in England reads:

Here lies the body of Mrs. Stard,
Who Filled Half of this churchyard.

Finally, a graveyard in South Carolina contains an inscription that provides endless information for speculation:

Maw Loved Paw; Paw Loved Wimmin
Maw Caught Paw with one in swimmin
Here lies Paw.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S HAIR-RAISING HEALING

Mrs. Mabel Johnson of Blackpool, Lancashire, England, had exhibited an interest in spiritualism and the occult since her teenage years. During a visit to a medium, she was informed that she had a spirit guide. "You have the gift of healing," the medium announced.

Mr. Johnson was considerably more skeptical than his wife. "If you have the power to heal, then grow me a new crop of hair," he snorted. He ran his hand over his shiny bald head. "I haven't had any hair in twenty years."

Mrs. Johnson clasped her hands over her husband's head. After several minutes, her husband twisted nervously in his chair. "I can feel heat glow," he admitted reluctantly.

The healing sessions continued for five days. "My husband's nose started bleeding profusely," Mrs. Johnson wrote. "We took this as an indication that something was happening and stopped treatment."

Within a month, a soft downy growth of hair covered Mr. Johnson's bald head. Three months later, he had a full head of hair.

In a letter to England's *Psychic News,* England's hair-raising healing housewife reported her own amazement at the experiment. After reading the account, psi investigators confirmed that manifestations of healing are often accompanied by a heat build-up between the healer and the patient. Mr. Johnson is now a believer in his wife's occult powers and, brushing his hand across his thick growth of hair, demonstrates the validity of her ability.

"We took a bit of ribbing from the neighbors," he admitted. "Some thought I had purchased a toupee. There was quite a bit of hair tugging until they also became convinced."

DID SHE DISAPPEAR INTO ANOTHER WORLD?

Winter came quickly to England in the autumn of 1876, and a four-inch snow fell on the evening of October 17. As the landscape changed from brown to white, the Albert Ashton family was grouped around the fireplace of their warm bungalow on a small vegetable farm near London. The sale of vegetables and fruit in the city enabled the Ashtons to live comfortably with their sons and daughter on the farm.

The staccato of popping corn and the scent of melted butter and salt lingered in the room. The family had been eating the heavily flavored popcorn for almost an hour. The thought of ice-cold water was inviting. Pretty 16-year-old Charlotte Ashton volunteered to obtain a bucket of water from the family well. The girl bundled up in her heavy woolen coat and left the house.

Time passed and their salty thirst increased the family's impatience for Charlotte's return. "She's been gone long enough to get a dozen buckets of water," Albert Ashton said.

"Don't worry. She's probably looking at the stars," said Mrs. Ashton.

Finally, Albert Ashton became concerned, lit a lantern, and led his two sons in a search for Charlotte. Outside, it had stopped snowing, and the wind had died down. The farm lay like a sleeping woman draped in a white shroud with deep darkness in its hollows. "There's her trail going toward the well," said Sammy, the oldest son. He pointed to a line of plainly defined footprints in the snow.

Halfway along the path to the well the father halted. He raised the flickering lantern with a trembling hand. The light cast a golden glow across the powdery snow.

The footprints of pretty Charlotte Ashton had suddenly

ended! Beyond lay a smooth expanse of unbroken snow. The last footprint was as visible as any in the line. It looked as if Charlotte Ashton had suddenly stepped off the edge of the earth.

The determined father and brothers were filled with a puzzled gloom. Taking a wide step around the girl's tracks, they checked the family well. Their eyes widened with terror when they saw the well was covered with unbroken lines of hours-old icicles.

The neighbors and authorities were quickly alerted. Thirty-seven men shivered in the dawn light. The morning search revealed no clues to what might have happened to the young teenager. It was as if Charlotte Ashton had seemingly stepped into oblivion.

Around noon, an even more bizarre note was added to the gloomy affair. During a calm in the search, the grief-stricken father and several neighbors went to the well for water. They claimed to hear the clear, distinct voice of Charlotte Ashton calling to them.

"I can see you," the pleading voice wailed. "Can you see me?"

The voice flitted from the interior of the well to the top of a tree and then down into the snow-packed ground. "Please, help me!" Charlotte pleaded. "I can't find my way back . . . The hole has disappeared!"

The search party stiffened and listened with alert disbelief. They had all heard the voice; yet the circumstances were both puzzling and disturbing. "Help me get out of here," Charlotte pleaded. Her voice was strained with fatigue and emotion.

For four days the girl's voice moved about the farm and called plaintively to the search party. Members of the family and neighbors declared it was Charlotte's voice.

"Her voice seemed to come from a great distance, and yet it was very distinct," a police inspector reported. "It has been completely impossible to determine the direc-

tion of sound. The voice is growing fainter with each day."

There were also growing intervals of silence between the cries for help. The faint voice grew silent and disappeared eleven days after Charlotte Ashton disappeared. It was never heard again. Charlotte Ashton became another of those people who disappear mysteriously under unexplained circumstances.

Can a young girl be sucked into some sort of space warp and lost forever in another dimension of time and space? Once inside such an ominous opening would it be impossible for Charlotte Ashton to find her way back to our world? To date, science is unable to define space and time. Perhaps when the problem is solved, there will be solutions to the enigmatic questions concerned with the disappearance of pretty Charlotte Ashton.

KIM NOVAK'S MISCHIEVOUS GHOST

Movie actress Kim Novak believes she lived in a haunted castle in 1964 during the filming of *The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders*. Exteriors for the movie were filmed in England, and Miss Novak lived in Chilbam Castle, Chilbam Village, Kent, during her visit.

One evening, after taking a bath, Miss Novak awoke suddenly, from sleep. She was mystified to discover that the bathtub had been refilled again—at the precise temperature the actress prefers for her bathing water.

On another occasion, a bouquet of flowers was sent to the actress by an admirer. The bouquet vanished mysteriously during the night while Miss Novak was sleeping and was discovered downstairs in the morning.

The mischievous pranks directed at Miss Novak are just one of a series of ghostly manifestations linked to English castles.

THE MODERN VAMPIRE WHO DRANK WOMEN'S BLOOD

She was a beautiful, dark-haired young woman dressed in revealing baby doll pajamas that emphasized the contours of her figure. Her husky voice was edged with hysteria as she told a group of policemen and neighbors about her terrible experience on the night of February 12, 1960 in Monteros, Argentina.

"The heat wave has made my apartment almost unbearable," the young woman explained. Curious neighbors nodded in silent agreement. "I had been sleeping with the bedroom window opened. Sometime during the night I awakened. There was a dark figure standing over my bed. Before I could scream for help, the fiend sank those savage teeth into my throat. He began to suck the blood from my veins." Like a tongue probing a tooth cavity, the young woman's hands rose again and again to the deep teeth marks on her white throat.

A neighbor shuddered and crossed himself. "It is the vampire," he swore.

During the entire month of February, 1960, the police in the Argentine community were desperate to apprehend the modern Dracula. Altogether, 15 beautiful women were attacked by the bloodthirsty fiend. The midnight marauder gained entry through open bedroom windows, and despite the oppressive heat, residents of the city sweltered behind locked windows.

Many women were almost hysterical from fear of attack from the vampire. Townspeople crossed themselves, carried crucifixes, and told dark tales about the alleged occult powers of the vampire. Some said only Wolfbane, lotus flowers, or holy water could dispell the demonic force of the evil creature. Every conversation was sprinkled with

the latest news and unspeakable deeds of the eternally hungry vampire who sought to feast on the blood of the city's young women.

"Forget those tales about vampires and search the area for a young man with mental problems," the police were advised. "Handle this just like any other investigation."

Through efficient interrogation of witnesses, the police eventually tracked the vampire to his lair. Arresting officers were shocked to discover a young man sleeping in a coffin that he had hidden in the dark recesses of a cave near the city.

In true Dracula fashion, the young man was clad in a tuxedo and wore a black cloak. As he lay sleeping in the macabre casket, the policemen noticed his lips were smeared with the blood of his latest victim.

Aroused from his deep sleep, the real-life vampire was arrested, booked at the police station, and eventually identified as 25-year-old Florenico Fernandez, a stonemason. During the interrogation about his bizarre behavior, the young man shrugged off any motive for his sadistic attacks. "I don't know," he replied to every question.

Psychiatrists examined the youth. "He suffers from a vampire psychosis," they explained. "In many instances, individuals become convinced their lives depend upon sucking fresh blood from human victims. In extreme cases, these psychotics actually believe they are dead."

The expert medical explanation for the modern vampire was accepted by the courts, and the modern-day Dracula was sent to an institution for medical help. However, there are still people in Monteros who believe Florenico Fernandez was a crafty practitioner of the black arts. "He was a real vampire, that one," they swear. "He could slake his thirst for blood only at the throats of our most beautiful women."

SHE RECEIVES TOMORROW'S NEWS TODAY

A fascinating account of the super-normal powers of the mind occurred in 1965. Lady Rhys-Williams, a distinguished British economist claimed she heard news broadcasts of future events. On January 17, 1965, the British woman turned on her radio.

"I heard the end of a news bulletin about a disturbance in Atlanta, Georgia, between Ku Klux Klan members and a large crowd of Negroes. The struggle created some casualties and many arrests."

On the following morning, according to a story transmitted by United Press International, Lady Rhys-Williams mentioned the news to her daughter. They were surprised to discover no news stories of the event in their newspaper. That evening of January 18, however, a disturbance occurred in Atlanta that coincided with the broadcast heard 24 hours earlier by the English woman.

On February 24, Lady Rhys-Williams tuned in an early news broadcast that mentioned Archbishop Makarios had requested French President Charles de Gaulle to intervene in a Cyprus dispute. This "future broadcast" was not confirmed by events until 24 hours later.

On another occasion, Lady Rhys-Williams called her secretary and requested that a particular story be clipped from that day's edition of the *London Times*. The secretary vainly searched the newspaper and could not locate the story. "In actual fact, the story appeared on the following day on the same page and in the same place where it had been described," the 66-year-old Lady Rhys-Williams reported.

An investigative report on Lady Rhys-Williams was published in the British *Journal of the Society for*

Psychical Research. One investigator revealed the woman who claimed to hear future radio broadcasts and read tomorrow's newspapers had been a constant winner at the race track. "She has picked as many as five out of six winning horses at the races," the psi investigator stated.

NINE YEARS OF LIVING DEATH

The strange story of Molly Fancher is one of the most mysterious in the annals of psychic phenomena or medical science. Among strange women of the occult, her remarkable and unexplained life is totally fantastic and without rational explanation. "It is simply a case that cannot be explained," admitted a noted physician recently.

In 1866, Miss Fancher slipped into a deep coma. Dr. Samuel Fleet Spier, the family physician, made regular calls to the home of her parents in New York for many years. "Her body had the cold touch of death," Dr. Spier reported. "Breathing was almost nonexistent, and there was but a scant trace of a pulse beat."

Even more astonishing was Miss Fancher's appetite during the nine-year coma. She ate less than one meal each year! Medical specialists were intrigued by the mysterious Molly, as she became known in New York medical circles. "Perhaps we'll have the answer when she recovers," Dr. Spier announced hopefully.

However, the physicians were puzzled even more when Molly Fancher regained consciousness after nine years. She was now gifted with paranormal powers that surpassed their knowledge of medicine and psychic phenomena.

She could identify colors in a dark room. Through some unknown power, she projected her mind hundreds of miles away and described various scenes, including the dress, conversation, and mannerisms of people. "We placed unopened books and letters beneath her bed clothing," reported Dr. Spier. "She read their contents with ease." Miss Fancher surprised Dr. Spier one morning by revealing the contents of a letter he had received in the morning mail. When the puzzled physician opened the

letter, he discovered her report was an accurate word-by-word recitation.

Unlike many self-proclaimed professional psychics, Miss Fancher was happy with the attention from scientists who wished to investigate her unusual powers. "You are welcome to apply whatever tests you wish," she explained. Among those who attested to her supernormal ability was Dr. Parkhurst, a noted astronomer who was intrigued by her strange ability. Noted neurologist Dr. Robert Ormiston also examined mysterious Molly, and Dr. Willard Parker was called in for consultation on several occasions.

After spending more than a half century in bed and having violated almost every law of nature, Miss Fancher planned a birthday party. She invited President Woodrow Wilson to the affair, which would be held on February 3, 1916. There was a curt refusal from the White House. Distraught by the president's refusal, Molly Fancher died eight days later.

WEDDING OF THE WITCHES

Czarina Anna Ivanovna's fat body rippled with anger. Her bloated hands pounded the imperial throne of Russia as she ordered the royal guards to summon her covey of witches. The czarina's favorite female occult advisers assembled before the babbling empress.

"Michael Galitzine, one of the most handsome of all Russians, has married a foreign woman in Italy," the empress fumed. "He failed to obtain my permission for the wedding. I want you to devise a suitable punishment for his terrible insubordination."

The witches conferred throughout the afternoon and deep into the darkened night. On the following morning, they proposed the strangest wedding in all history to be performed in the Russian capital. The gross, cruel czarina cackled at the cruel humor of their proposal. "It will be a suitable punishment for the fool," she said.

In January 1740, the empress ordered an ice palace constructed on the banks of the Neva River. The building was outfitted with ice furniture, a frozen bed, and thin sheets of ice.

"Invite all of the freaks, dwarfs, and monsters to the wedding," ordered the empress. "I want the asylums emptied and the inmates invited as honored wedding guests."

The smirking czarina personally selected the bride for the unfortunate Galitzine. A Kalmuk woman, judged to be the ugliest woman in Russia, was chosen by the empress. The director of the royal dungeon performed additional atrocities on the bride and transformed her into a hideous horror. Galitzine was ordered to marry the woman.

"Do I have a choice, Your Highness?" he inquired.

"Yes. Either you marry her or you will be executed," the empress snapped.

"I accept," Galitzine said quickly.

The ice palace was illuminated by hundreds of torches during the wedding ceremony. The covey of witches, the insane, and the empress's entourage screamed obscenities at the couple as the wedding ceremony was performed. The trembling priest quickly ran through the wedding ritual.

"Curses! Place curses on their lives," shouted the empress. Her witches responded with their most potent black magic.

The temperature had plunged to 40 degrees below zero on the river banks when the newly married couple were forced into the icy wedding palace. The couple retired to the frozen honeymoon chamber. The exit was sealed to prevent an escape from the strange building.

Surprisingly, the victims of the empress's wrath survived the vengeful wedding night. Despite the ill will of the empress and the constant incantation and curses from her chosen covey of witches, the bride delivered two beautiful, healthy twin sons. Almost as if fate planned punishment for her gross cruelty, the empress died at the time of their birth.

THE WOMAN WITH THE FLAMING BREASTS

When the hospital director in Pirano, Italy, first heard the bizarre report, he thought his night staff had been drinking on the job. "They have consumed too many bottles of red wine," he snorted. "Such a story is utterly unbelievable."

Then he witnessed the strange phenomena in the sickroom of Anna Moretti, an asthmatic patient. Afterward, he quickly gathered a distinguished team of medical experts. The group waited impatiently for a glimpse of the bewildering occurrence.

"Her breasts are afire again!" screamed a frightened nurse. Her alarmed cries alerted the waiting doctors. They dashed through the hospital corridors to the bedside of the 22-year-old girl. Anna Moretti lay rigid on the starched hospital sheets. Her condition was later described as "rigid, comatose."

"I see none of your silly flames," snapped a plump professor.

"It will start again, *dottore,*" replied the nurse. She pulled the sheet down from the young girl's breasts. Instantly, an unearthly violet-blue light glowed around Anna's breasts. The strange light sparkled with a luminous intensity. There was an ominous crackling in the room. The glow exploded into a blue flame that flared 18 inches upward from the woman's breasts.

The plump professor crossed himself. Another made the sign of the horns. "Mother of God! It casts no shadow," one whispered hoarsely.

A colleague carefully passed his hand over the leaping flame. "There is no heat," he croaked.

For several days the professors conducted tests, inspected the patient, and examined the room in a con-

certed effort to eliminate fraud. The flames returned on many occasions, but all attempts to photograph the phenomena were unsuccessful.

Anna Moretti was eventually released from the hospital. She returned home, and the strange flames disappeared. A full report on the affair was published by the professors in Rome, Italy, in 1934 under the title *Sul Fenomeno di Pirano.* Their published record offered no explanation for the mysterious flames that soared above the breasts of Anna Moretti.

THE WOMAN WHO COULD SEE DEATH

The gypsies were an enigma when they first arrived in Europe more than 500 years ago, and their origin is still a mystery today. Legend has endowed them with the power to predict the future. The queen of Romany clairvoyants in Spain was Felicia, whose power to "see" death was undisputed throughout her long career.

Felicia was a "smoked one." Her tawny, wrinkled skin brought enormous respect from her neighbors. Felicia lived at Sacromonte, the tremendous hill of caves overlooking Granada, Spain. Like some giant Swiss cheese, the caves in the hill teem with gypsy families. Twisting mountain paths lead to the cave "apartments" of the 3,000 gypsies.

Like many of her neighbors, Felicia's apartment was partitioned into several rooms. Her "cave" was equipped with electric lights, radios, refrigerators, and furniture. "A cave is cool in the summer and warm in the winter," Felicia explained. "It is the perfect place for a *gitano* to live."

In the years before and during World War II, Felicia claimed she could recognize the *mulos,* the spirits of the dead. "I can see these things," she explained to me.

During World War II, Leslie Howard the actor was in Spain and attended a party. Several gypsy women had been hired to "read" the future of the guests. Felicia, an expert palmist, exhibited her powers of clairvoyance to the guests.

Leslie Howard walked up to the old, wrinkled-faced woman. "What does the future hold for me?" he inquired.

Felicia paled, left the room, and held a hurried conver-

sation with the host. "I am leaving," she announced. "I will not stay in the same room with a dead man."

"What are you talking about?" William Du Bois, one of Europe's greatest experts on gypsies, was puzzled by her behavior.

"It's that guest of yours," Felicia said. Her gnarled hand motioned toward Leslie Howard. "When I look at him, I don't see his face. I see only a skull. He has the mark of death."

It was only two days later that Leslie Howard was killed when the German Air Force shot down the transport plane that was flying the actor back to England!

With unerring accuracy, Felicia predicted coming disasters and deaths. She predicted the deaths of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Adolf Hitler, and claimed to see death before great battles or disasters.

In 1957, I was in Spain and walked up to the mountain caves at Sacromonte to talk with Felicia. She was wrinkled, arthritic, and barely able to talk above a whisper. She confirmed her ability to "see" death. She said my own life would be long and productive.

"However, I will die within the next three days," she announced, abruptly. "When I look in a mirror, I see the reflection of a white skull."

True to her tape-recorded prediction, Felicia was found dead in her apartment on the third morning after our interview. The queen of the *gitanos* had "seen" her own death.

MONTVOISIN—SHE SACRIFICED 2,000 BABIES TO SATAN

At midnight, a speeding royal coach clattered to a rapid halt on the cobbled street outside the dreaded House of La Voisin in Paris. A servant opened the gilded door of the coach. Gowned and jeweled, Madame de Montespan leaped from the vehicle and knocked frantically on the dark door. A scowling woman in a black robe answered the pounding.

"The king's love for me grows weak," confessed the curvaceous courtesan, mistress to King Louis XIV. "I wish a sacrifice to fire his desires."

"Such things are very expensive," whined Catherine La Voisin. "It requires—" Her lament was interrupted as the king's mistress pressed a diamond necklace into her hand.

The courtesan was led into a dark dungeon in the bowels beneath the house. The ritual to follow was the blasphemous Black Mass, a reverse rendition of the Catholic service. Madame de Montespan was undressed and spread nude across a black altar. A flickering black candle was placed in each of her hands. A dark chalice was laid in the hollow of her naked stomach. The obscene service ended with the sacrifice of a baptized baby.

The screaming infant was raised aloft over the whimpering de Montespan. A black-robed acolyte slit the child's throat. Madame de Montespan's senses were deadened as she writhed in the blood of the dying child.

At her trial in February, 1680, Catherine Montvoisin boasted of her satanic practices. "I have sacrificed over 2,000 babies to Satan," she shrieked, a perverse gleam in her eye. This sensuous servant of Satan is without peer

in the number of deaths that resulted from her rituals. She also conducted a lively business concocting and peddling poisons to Parisians with unwanted spouses.

Amused by a steady succession of lovers, Montvoisin was the undisputed queen of French witches for half a century. Her clients included many nobles connected with the king's court. These titled aristocrats trembled with fear when the Satan-worshiping witch was apprehended and tortured. However, Montvoisin refused to name her fiendish clientele. On February 23, 1680, she was dragged to the stake. She chanted obscene incantations as soldiers lit the fire around her body. As the flames burned her to death, Montvoisin kicked burning straw into the faces of priests who asked to hear her final confession.

THE STRANGE WORLD OF HUMAN DUPLICATES

Claudia Miller, who was raised in Los Angeles, was puzzled whenever her public relations work took her to Chicago. Wherever she went to the windy city, Miss Miller was frequently accosted by strangers who called her "Claudette."

"My name is Claudia Miller, and I'm from Los Angeles," she explained patiently.

"Then you have a living double here in Chicago," was the frequent reply.

After several disturbing encounters with embarrassed strangers, Miss Miller became determined to locate her "human duplicate." When "Claudia" finally faced "Claudette," they were wearing identical dresses, shoes, and accessories. The startled women discovered dozens of other equally astonishing similarities in their lives. Further investigation revealed the two women were twin sisters, who had been put out for adoption after birth. Neither woman had been informed she had a twin. Although separated at birth, they had followed almost a single path in their lives.

Medical authorities have done extensive investigation into twins. They consider "identical twins to be the closest possible relationship between two human beings." They state that twins start out as a single individual, that each has the same physical and mental aptitudes. Furthermore, tests have revealed that twins are the most skilled of any group tested in sending and receiving mental messages to each other.

"It is common for one twin to be in danger and the other to feel it, although they may be separated by several hundred, or thousand, miles," reported one investi-

gator. Tests conducted by staff psychologists at the University of Alberta, Canada, revealed identical and fraternal twins have an astonishing ability to communicate with each other through ESP.

"A SNAKE JUMPED OUT OF HER MOUTH"

Beautiful, bronze-skinned Marie Laveau was the undisputed queen of the hundreds of fabulous voodoo practitioners who bemused, bewitched, and beguiled New Orleans during the heydays of the past century. Marie ruled from 1829 until 1891. She was a tempestuous, hot-tempered empress whose kingdom included *gris-gris,* crosses of death, lodestones, love potions, and wild, sensual voodoo dances in hidden forest glades.

Among the alleged powers of this golden-skinned occult practitioner was "fixing," a voodoo belief that snakes, snails, and frogs can be secreted in the human body. Such practices were supposedly used by voodoo women to afflict or kill their enemies.

Adele Urquart, the wife of a prominent Louisiana plantation owner, drew the wrath of Marie Laveau. Mrs. Urquart ridiculed voodoo at a party in 1842. "Voodoo is nothing more than stupid nonsense for slaves," Mrs. Urquart snapped.

Marie scowled. "Honey, I am gonna place the snake voodoo on you," she threatened.

Legends state that Marie Laveau secreted snake eggs in Mrs. Urquart's food. Shortly afterward, the old tales report that the society matron complained of stomach cramps. Her abdomen became swollen and distended.

"She went to bed, and the doctor came and give her some medicine," an old slave related. "But white man's medicine didn't do any good. Her eyes rolled around, and she screamed. When her mouth was open and screaming, a bunch of little green snakes started crawlin' out of her mouth. The snakes jumped from her mouth, crawled across the bed, and fell on the floor. It took quite a while to catch and kill them. When the last snake had come out

of her mouth, our lady was dead. Old Marie had hoo-dooed her. Our lady was *fixed!*"

Pipedreams or an example of the powers of ancient voodoo? There are hundreds of people in New Orleans, and millions throughout the world, who still practice these strange curses in the dark of night. They believe in *fixing,* hoodoo, and voodoo.

JAPAN'S CULT OF FEMALE VAMPIRES

A man's harsh scream tore through the darkness of Hiroshima, Japan, on the night of September 12, 1853, and two policemen dashed quickly toward the sound. As they reached an intersection, they were startled to see several cloaked figures flee into the shadows.

"It's the vampires," one of the pursuing officers whispered hoarsely. The frightened policemen postponed pursuit and assisted the victim of one of the world's most unusual cults.

The victim was a stranger in Hiroshima. He bled profusely from several jagged, teeth-shaped marks in his throat. "It was like a nightmare," he shuddered. "I couldn't sleep and left my inn to walk along the river. On my return, I was suddenly swarmed upon by these dark figures. They seemed to be women. They tore at me. One sank her teeth into my throat and started sucking the blood from my veins."

The bewildered victim was hastily taken to a physician. He was one of many male victims of Japan's infamous cult of nocturnal female vampires. Besides slaking their blood thirst at the throat of their victims, these female fiends also robbed the men they attacked.

The "Daughters of Dracula" were apprehended by the authorities only after a two-year reign of terror left Hiroshima's streets deserted after sunset. Eleven coffins were discovered in an abandoned warehouse near the Ota River. The feminine fiends slept in the darkened warehouse in the coffins during the day, avoiding sunlight, and ventured out only at night. Fourteen cultists were apprehended. They ranged from two innocent children to an elderly woman who led the vicious vampires.

The bizarre beauties confessed they had nipped and

sucked at the throats of their victims. Justice was quick. The women were quickly sentenced to prison. This curious covey of transplanted Transylvanians helped to bring the legend of the vampire to the Orient. In all history, Japan's female cult was the only recorded instance of group vampirism.

WAS THIS GIRL FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION?

The workers were harvesting the fields in the autumn of 1887 when the loud cries of children drifted across the stubbled acreage. The reapers left their chores and rushed toward two weeping, frightened children standing near the entrance of a deep mountain cave.

When they approached the pair, the workmen rubbed their eyes in disbelief. The skin of the children was a deep green. Their features were Negroid in appearance, and their eyes were deep-set and almond-shaped.

"Don't be frightened," a fieldhand extended his hand in friendship.

The children shrieked in a strange, unknown tongue.

The worker stepped closer and carefully examined the boy and girl. Their clothes were woven from a metallic substance. Their skin was indeed green. "It isn't a dye. It doesn't rub off," said the man. "This is something beyond our knowledge. We shall take them to the magistrate in the village."

Despite their best efforts at providing hospitable meals, the villagers were unable to find a suitable food for their visitors. The boy weakened and died shortly afterward. He was buried in the village churchyard. The girl declined cooked foods, but developed a fondness for raw vegetables. She grew stronger on a diet built around raw beans.

The magistrate and villagers instructed the girl in the language of their country. "It is the only way to solve the puzzle of her origin," the jurist explained.

However, her explanation only deepened the mystery. "I come from a land where there is no sun. It is a place of half darkness," she said, speaking the words slowly and imperfectly. "There is a land of light, but it is beyond our reach across a great place of water."

How had she and her brother found themselves in the cave? "We were living with our people when there was a loud noise. We were pushed through something. Then we were in the cave and saw the light."

This was all the girl ever reported. As she became accustomed to the sun, the pigment of her skin lightened. She was normally white when she died five years after her arrival.

It is an incredible story. The facts are clouded by folklore and smeared with superstition. Some say it occurred in a small village in France; others say it was Spain or Germany. Whatever the country, investigators have discovered the details of the unsubstantiated legend are always the same in either country.

Both American and Russian scientists have launched intensive research into the possibility of an "anti" world existing side by side with our own. Perhaps these children stepped into a space vortex and reappeared in our world. Another possible clue is the old legends of an underground race living far beneath the surface of the earth.

Folklore? Will-o'-the-wisp? Fantasy? The story of the green-skinned girl will remain one of the world's great mysteries until someone possibly stumbles across a solid clue and solves the enigma.

THE WASHOE SEERESS SAW SILVER

Eillery Orrum, the "Washoe Seeress," is one of the few prophets to become rich because of a vision in her crystal ball. In the winter of 1858, Mrs. Orrum operated a boardinghouse in the tiny mining camp of Johntown, Utah territory. During the cold evenings, Mrs. Orrum sat across the table from Peter O'Riley, a rough, tough prospector who believed in spiritualism.

"I know you've told people where to find lost articles," O'Riley said. "Why not use your crystal ball to help me hit a rich vein of ore. I know there's silver in this country, Eillery."

"Patience, Peter, patience." Mrs. Orrum gazed into her gleaming glass. "I see a fine, rich stream of ore."

"Where is it?" O'Riley listened with breathless belief.

"There are muddy spots in the crystal. They make it hard to see the exact location." Mrs. Orrum peered deeper into the ball. "I see the vision much better now. Dig your hole at the head of the ravine near the top of the hill. You'll strike the richest mine on earth!"

Peter O'Riley did exactly that and hit paydirt with the famous Comstock Lode, the richest silver mine in the world. The mine was named after "Old Pancake" Comstock who insisted he had filed a prior claim to the location. O'Riley and his partner Pat McLaughlin made Comstock a partner to avoid litigation.

Eillery Orrum, the Washoe Seeress who first envisioned the fabulous mine in her crystal ball, was given ten feet of the mining claim. The ore was worth more than a million dollars. Eillery married Sandy Bowers, and together they built the beautiful Bowers Mansion, which still stands in the Washoe Valley between Reno and Carson City. She watched her prediction grow into the richest silver strike in history!

EVANSVILLE'S VANISHING NUN

Residents of Evansville, Indiana, have been mystified in recent years by the occasional manifestation of what is called "the vanishing nun."

On one occasion, several teenagers were playing baseball at a neighborhood lot. The black-clad nun approached, stood quietly, and watched their game. During a heated dispute, the boys turned toward the nun.

"Was it a foul ball or not, sister?" a youth inquired.

Suddenly, without warning, the nun vanished!

At other times, the "vanishing nun" has been seen by reputable citizens who meet her walking along the street. "She has been here for many years," a woman wrote. "My mother can recall stories of her appearance in the nineteen thirties."

Appearances of the "vanishing nun" are reported in the Evansville newspapers. However, no one has ventured an explanation into the origin of the apparition.

BOOKS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

In the early nineteen twenties, the books written by a mysterious E. Barrington burst brilliantly on the literary scene. *The Glorious Apollo, The Laughing Queen,* and *The Duel of the Queens* were best sellers. They were serialized in leading magazines in both England and the United States.

At the same time, several new books by L. Adams Beck provided mystical insights into the haunting mysteries and ancient wisdom of the Orient. *The Ninth Vibration* appeared first as an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was later published and expanded into a book. Similar books followed in quick succession.

In November, 1925, a sensational article in *Good Housekeeping* magazine revealed that E. Barrington and L. Adams Beck were the same person. Even more incredible, this author wrote under the pseudonym of Louis Moresby.

The author of this prolific literary output was Mrs. Lily Beck, an Englishwoman who was the daughter of the noted British Admiral John Moresby. Sir Fairfax Moresby, her grandfather, was an admiral of the British fleet.

The magazine did not report, however, that Mrs. Beck was an authority on yoga, nor her chance meeting with a holy man in the bazaars of India. "You will write much for the world to read because the spirit world will dictate to you," the fakir declared.

Shortly afterward, the title of a book flashed into Mrs. Beck's mind. She fell into a trancelike state. A strange voice dictated to her. She wrote the words as rapidly as possible. On the following evening, the voice dictated

again. This continued until the first of her best-selling books was written.

Her many books under the various pseudonyms are strangely beautiful and profound volumes. Were they written by people from Mrs. Beck's "Other World?" Or was it possibly a form of self-hypnosis? Mrs. Beck insisted it was voices from beyond the grave.

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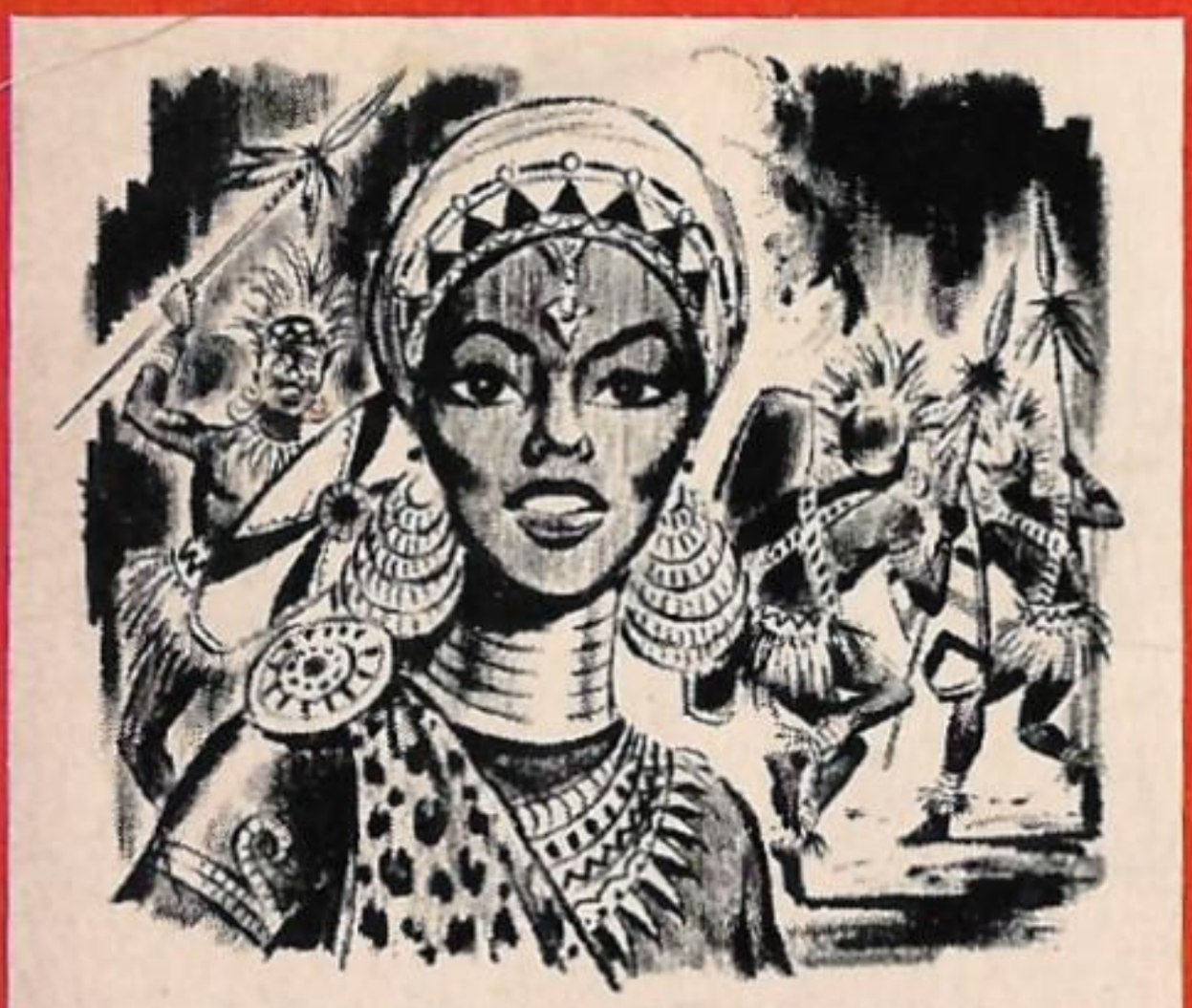

Witch queen of hell.

She lived on blood.